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The Shape of Things

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GOVERNMENT BY FILIBUSTER SEEMS TO BE the aim of Senator Wheeler's much-vaunted passion for democracy. The Administration is finally presenting Senator Logan's compromise court proposal for debate, but the Wheeler die-hards threaten to talk until hell freezes over rather than permit one seventy-five-year judge per year to be retired. The decision to filibuster means, of course, that the opposition can now count noses accurately enough to count a majority of the Senate in favor of the bill. It is therefore appealing from rule by ballot to rule by lung power—strange tactics for those whose every other word is "democracy." The Senate rules unfortunately permit them to stifle court reform by talk. But we are certain that mass opinion will not permit them, and that many a filibustering Senator will drag his feet wearily from the Senate chamber to his office only to find from letters and telegrams that he has constituency trouble back home. "You cannot filibuster a reasonable proposition," remarked an Administration leader.

*

SENATOR WAGNER IS PLAYING HAMLET TO Tammany as we go to press. To be or not to be a candidate for the New York City mayoralty—that is his question. There can be no doubt that Tammany, and perhaps Mr. Farley as well, is exerting intense pressure upon him to run. If he does it will be a shameful sacrifice to the Moloch of machine politics. For, while we have had our reservations about some of Mayor La Guardia's mercurial traits, he has come close to blasting Tammany out of existence by the dynamite of sheer work done, money saved, corruption minimized. He has broken the Tammany hold upon the voters by the most deadly kind of propaganda—the propaganda of the deed. But Senator Wagner, with his sponsorship of the labor measures which have made his name a household word among masses of people in New York, might easily prove victor running on a Tammany ticket. There is an irony in the plight of both the Republicans and Democrats in New York over La Guardia's campaign. But it would be tragic if Senator Wagner lent his name and aid to Tammany's purposes. For Tammany values his progressivism only in order to swap it for votes. It is appealing openly to Wagner to do his duty as an "organization man." His acceptance would gladden not only the Tammany machine but Jim Farley as well, as it would help heal the Tammany-New Deal

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rift. But for the people as a whole it would be a misfortune. Mr. Wagner's place in the Senate is unique, and no one else could fill it with his prestige and sense of balance. More important, the return of Tammany to power would set back New York politics a generation.

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THE DEADLOCK OVER NON-INTERVENTION in Spain remains unbroken as we go to press. For the first time since the outbreak of the Spanish insurrection, nearly a year ago, the democratic countries seem to have taken a firm stand against the fascist powers. Their stand is the more impressive in that it is not motivated primarily by humanitarian considerations. Hitler's frank statement regarding Germany's need for Spanish iron-ore has provoked a sharp change in attitude among conservatives in both France and England. If we are to judge by Eden's speech at Warwickshire, England has finally discovered that it is to its interest to preserve the "territorial integrity of Spain," and that a victory for Franco, involving concessions to Italy and Germany, would threaten the life-line of the empire in the Mediterranean. It is reported to be successfully lining up Portugal in opposition to Germany's and Italy's economic aspirations in Spain. The democratic countries have the whip hand if they choose to use it. France could easily outdo Germany and Italy in arms shipments. But rather than utilize the weapon at hand, there is a strong possibility that England will seek a direct agreement with Franco repudiating German and Italian claims. A few weeks ago this would have been relatively easy, as Franco is known to desire such an arrangement. But with the prestige of both Hitler and Mussolini openly staked not only on a fascist victory but on obtaining important economic concessions, the possibility of an early solution appears remote.

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THE AMUR RIVER CLASH, ENDED BY THE withdrawal of Soviet troops from the disputed islands, is explicable only as an attempt by Japan to test Soviet strength. It is significant that practically all the stories of the incident came from Tokyo, and in contrast with the excitement of the Japanese press the Soviet papers scarcely mentioned the incident. Legally, the islands, which are little more than sandbars, probably belong to Russia under an 1860 agreement with China. Certainly they do not belong to Japan, which has no territory nearer than Korea. Japan's claim, of course, has been made in behalf of Manchukuo; and Manchukuo's rights, if they be granted any validity at all, can only rest on China's treaty obligations. If China has contested the Soviet Union's claim, no mention has been made of the fact. But whatever legal or actual rights are involved it is doubtful whether Japan would dare risk an attack at this season. Each year, during late summer and fall, Manchurian patriotic organizations, bandits, and small bands of Communists make use of the cover afforded by the vast fields of *kaoliang* to launch attacks on Japanese outposts and lines of communication. Recent reports indicate that these illegal groups are more numerous and powerful than ever before. Nor are conditions in China as calm as they appear on the surface. The puppet government at Peiping has recently shown signs of restiveness, and a war between Japan and the Soviet Union might see China, officially or unofficially, on the side of the Soviets.

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THE NAZI CAMPAIGN AGAINST FREEDOM, culture, and religion was advanced in the past week by a series of dramatic incidents. Speaking before the foreign scholars and scientists assembled for the two hundredth anniversary of Göttingen University, Bernhard Rust, German Minister of Education, denounced democratic freedom as a hiding place for "demons." He declared that in the end individual liberty could only lead to a "decay of national states" and "cruel dictatorship." On the following day there was an illuminating lecture on the relationship between science and war, the central theme of which was the desirability of preserving scientific secrets until the outbreak of war so as to wreak greater destruction on the enemy. As if to emphasize Rust's remarks on freedom the National Socialist government issued a decree placing the finances of the Protestant churches under its control and assuming direction of the forthcoming church elections. It followed this action by arresting Martin Niemöller, who has earned the reputation of being the most outspoken opponent in Germany of the religious absolutism of National Socialism. In the past the anti-religious campaign has tended to quiet down during the tourist season; the fact that it is being intensified just now may signify an even more vigorous opposition than is indicated in the censored press reports.

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> . . . The C. I. O. and its powerful affiliate the United Automobile Workers of America . . . have traveled a merry and irresponsible course, browbeating employers and non-union employees, terrifying politicians, and inconveniencing whole counties to satisfy the whims of small minorities.
>
> . . . The advance of the C. I. O. has been accomplished with a minimum of conflict and industrial disorder. . . . Among the heads of the big steel companies here there is no concern about the "responsibility" of the union.

THESE SHARPLY CONTRASTED OPINIONS ARE not, as one might think, those of Mr. Girdler and Mr. Lewis. They are the words of one and the same man—F. Raymond Daniell. The first was culled from the first page of the New York *Times* of June 29 and the second from the fourth page of the *Times* of July 2. In their apparent inconsistency is revealed the real responsibility for the waves of violence and threats of violence that have rolled over Illinois, Michigan, and Ohio in the past few weeks. In the first quotation Mr. Daniell was speaking, possibly a little loosely, about conditions in Michigan; in the second about the section in and around Pittsburgh. The difference has in fact been sensational. In the article of July 2 Mr. Daniell explains it. The lack of disorder in the Pittsburgh region, he stated, "was due largely to the voluntary action of Myron S. Taylor of United States Steel in coming to terms with Mr. Lewis and to the action

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of Horace Edgar Lewis, chairman of the board of Jones and Laughlin, in signing up with S. W. O. C. after that organization had demonstrated in a consent election that it represented a clear majority of employees eligible for membership." Mr. Daniell might have stated with equal truth (but did not) that the violence and disorder in Illinois, Michigan, and Ohio have been due to the action of Messrs. Girdler, Purnell, and Sykes in refusing to deal with the C. I. O. under any circumstances. To their objection to a signed agreement Mr. Daniell's article of July 2 gives the perfect answer: "One industrialist said today that if the person he was dealing with were irresponsible he would rather have a written contract with him than an oral one."

*

THE UNDERGROUND PAPER OF THE GERMAN seamen tells an amazing story of an almost successful revolt on the German cruiser, the *Königsberg*. The cruiser, loaded with arms for Franco, was steaming toward Cadiz. An anti-Hitler committee among the seamen had done such excellent work in educating the crew as to the meaning of Hitler's aid to Franco that plans had actually been laid for taking over the command from the officers and delivering the cruiser to the Loyalist forces. In the Bay of Biscay, however, the plot was betrayed, and thirty of the men were executed. The incident, if true, shows that in the long run the Hitler regime will be only as strong as its capacity to suppress the truth.

ED PARKER IS TWENTY-ONE. HE HAS GROWN up in the labor movement as worker and union organizer. Recently he has been representing the Workers' Alliance. Early last spring when the Mississippi went on a rampage 800 WPA workers in Cairo, Illinois, most of them colored, worked night and day to keep Old Man River in his own tracks. Cairo was saved from the flood, though Cairo needs to be saved from things worse than floods. It is a stopping place for colored people migrating north, a town of transients and of those who prey on transients. Race prejudice is strong. There were no unions in Cairo until Ed Parker came to town and organized WPA workers into a local of the Workers' Alliance. They had a rather serious grievance—in that they had not received the pay promised them—and Ed Parker decided on a demonstration. The sequence was a march to relief headquarters and occupation of the place, which was deserted; a routing of the occupiers with casualties; and later the indictment of Ed Parker and several of his followers on half a dozen serious charges. Next Monday Ed Parker must appear in the Cairo court to answer to charges for which the penalties, added up, would amount to life imprisonment. Ed Parker feels sure the Cairo court will add up the penalties and send him to jail. But he is needed outside; and he can be kept outside with proper aid. The Workers' Defense League, which is handling the case, needs money; good coverage by nationally known newspapers would be useful. Help if you can.

Map of Today

The United States

EIGHTEEN months ago we wrote in these columns: "History will probably record that in 1935 the giant of American mass-production labor woke up, ripped off the tight but puny bindings of craft unionism, and started going places." Today that cautious journalistic "probably" looks foolish, yet it serves to recall the suddenness with which the giant rose and the speed with which, since then, he has been striding from factory to factory; in conjunction with the ancient word history, it provokes sober reflections at a time when the Committee for Industrial Organization is passing through its first major crisis. In 1935 the end of all striving was to get the giant on his feet. In 1937 the questions of where he is going, how far, and by what road have become burning questions for those who feel that an organized working class, conscious of its real strength and ready to use it, is the only concrete hope of saving civilization from the black death of fascism.

It is a commonplace that fascism rides into power on the back of a deluded middle class. In this country, as in most others, this group, though its economic power has been largely drawn off by the powerful suction of monopoly, is still dominated psychologically by a wishful illusion of ownership—which can be turned with dangerous ease into the delusion that its interests lie with the very owners who have stripped or will eventually strip it. Add to this the further phenomenon that this psychology also dominates large sections of the American working class and the problem becomes all the more complex and dangerous.

It is apparent to the naked eye that in the present skirmish the major stake between the C. I. O. and industry, from the long point of view, is middle-class opinion. That this is merely the opening skirmish is also clear, for the C. I. O. has just begun its task of organizing the unorganized. It is in the light of this fact too that we must consider—and estimate—the resistance to the C. I. O. that is rising from every quarter of ownership, and from the beneficiaries and the servants of ownership, in support of the truculent Girdler and his Grace of Bethlehem. When Senator Ellender of Louisiana rises to accuse the C. I. O. of "enslaving us"—as a New York *Times* headline so tragically puts it—he speaks as the mouthpiece of those who themselves hold the South enslaved and see their power menaced by T. W. O. C. and S. W. O. C.—and a million union buttons that bloom where only docility and surplus value grew before. Senator Ellender in fact described more frankly than usual the nightmare which obsesses ownership.

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> The so-called C. I. O. and its organizers [he said] are bending every effort to incorporate under their banner every form of labor in this country. . . . Such a stupendous organization of workers could paralyze industry overnight. . . .

And Senator Ellender, lashing out against this threat to himself and his masters, appeals to the powerful middle-class ideals of democracy and "free government." In this he follows the cue of the executives and the servants of little steel, whose aim is to enlist the support of the middle-class mind that is the American mind.

The aim is shrewd; and little steel's methods are quite as shrewd. With instinctive cunning, born of the realization that the C. I. O. *is* a threat to their power, they invoke the "right to work"—on which they can put a quite different interpretation when the issue revolves about government relief; and the monolithic corporation talks loudly to the workers about *your* right to do as you please and *my* right to do as I please. On the side it hires *agents provocateurs* of violence, and talks about the "irresponsibility" of unions; it screams "labor dictatorship!" and guides the pens of editors into channels of "law and order" while it cuts off credit at strategic places.

And what of the C. I. O. in this as yet unequal contest? In a sense the C. I. O.'s worst present handicap is its past success. It won a relatively easy victory in automobiles. The automobile settlement was quickly followed by the capitulation of United States Steel which, coming without the tempering influence of a struggle to match the magnitude of the conquest, could not but produce overconfidence, if not among the leaders, at least among the rank and file. It certainly increased the flow of workers into the C. I. O. which put a strain upon the organizational capacities of the committee that has shown itself in such occurrences as spontaneous stoppages and the Saginaw Valley power strike. These events have been used to good advantage against the unions. The position of little steel in relation to the middle class was further improved by the fact that the fight has revolved not about hours and wages but about the intangible and essentially political issue of union recognition.

As it turned out, little steel has not fared so well in its actual exploitation of its advantage. The average American is well equipped to understand the psychology as well as the law of contracts—and can recognize an unsigned contract for the anomaly it is in a business civilization. In addition, ownership has patently overplayed its hand and, most fortunately, the Administration in its various capacities has helped to dramatize the fact in entirely legal and democratic terms. Tom Girdler, the Mayor of Johnstown, and the Chicago police have convicted themselves in public. Miss Perkins's testimonial that the leaders of the C. I. O. concerned in the steel drive have a long record of responsibility, Jim Farley's self-defending reply on the mails issue that Republic Steel is merely trying to provoke "civil disorder and strife," the NLRB's cogent and cool arguments in regard to contracts, and Senator La Follette's magnificent cross-examination of the Chicago policemen with the help of the non-partisan testimony of moving-picture cameras—all these factors seem, as we write, to have saved a situation, as far as public opinion is concerned, which a week ago looked very serious. We are speaking here of the long-range effects, not of the immediate strike, whose outcome is by no means clear as yet.

One thing, however, is very clear: the great continuing task of the C. I. O. and of its intellectual allies is to enlist the support of the middle class, in the interests of both. The middle class must be made to realize that what is to Senator Ellender a threat is to them the only promise, economic and moral.

Unfortunately, the C. I. O., thanks to the nature of its leadership and the complex of conditions, historic and contemporary, out of which it springs, has nothing resembling the social outlook or the ideological equipment which the task we have outlined requires. It does have, in the millions of workers now turning toward it, the material with which to fashion a powerful weapon against reaction. Merely to state the task ahead is to realize its magnitude. Yet somehow the C. I. O. must assume one responsibility which ownership does not wish it to carry. It must formulate social as well as merely trade-union aims. It must enlist the middle class as its firm ally. The new labor movement will inscribe the word democracy on its banners; it must build up within its ranks the strength and the informed intelligence to make and keep democracy a fact.

THE PROGRAM IN CONGRESS

If a new order is being forged in America it is clearly not being forged in Congress. In fact, nothing could illustrate better the enormous gap between the social potentialities of the labor movement and the paralysis of old-line American politics than the contrast that is being offered by the C. I. O. and Congress. A miasmic fog seems to have settled down upon Capitol Hill. The present Congress has done nothing with greater intensity and strain than any previous Congress in our memory.

Look at its record. The court bill is tied up in so many knots that it is doubtful whether the sharpest sword the President can wield will cut them successfully. Even with the plan for setting the retiring age at seventy-five instead of seventy, and adding only one judge a year, there is talk of filibustering the bill through the summer. Second, the plan for reorganizing the government departments and bureaus faces a stiff fight. The opposition to it is valid in so far as it is directed against the provision for bringing all the independent commissions under departmental roofs. But most of it comes from the vested office-holding interests, whose hand has now been strengthened by the eager enemies of the court plan. Third, the Black-Connery wages-and-hours bill has an extremely hazy future. The real drive in Congress is not to move forward to this sort of bill, which represents a real advance, but backward from the Wagner Act. To distract attention from wages and hours and harass the Administration, the bi-party conservative bloc is pushing Senator Vandenberg's proposal for rewriting the Wagner Act. Fourth, prospects are dark even for the farm bills. Crop insurance and soil conservation funds are either too meager to be very effective

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or are jammed; the farm-tenancy program now proposed is, in Secretary Wallace's words, "less than half a drop in the bucket"; and it is doubtful that much will be salvaged from Mr. Wallace's ever-normal granary proposal, even through desperate Administration efforts. Fifth, the program for setting up a group of eight regional T. V. A.'s has not yet made much progress against the bitter opposition of the utilities. Sixth, the forces that have been hoping for something like an adequate housing measure are now pretty close to despair. And so through the whole list—the adoption of a tragically inadequate relief bill, the failure to do anything with the Nye program for munitions control, the synthetic storm that is being brewed over the plan to stop up the loopholes in the income-tax laws.

One wonders, from this record of inaction and sabotage, whether Congress may not be planning to secede from the Union. Much has been written about the maneuvering of Congressional groups, the petty hates and rivalries of the leaders, and the tactics of the President. But the fact is that the present turmoil in Congress is not to be seen as merely a revolt against Mr. Roosevelt. It is, as Robert S. Allen states elsewhere in this issue, a desperate attempt to scrap the New Deal. It is, looking toward 1940, an attempt to head off a movement which would result in a powerful and effective fusion of the left-wing Democrats and the newly organized labor forces. It is, ultimately, a confession of the complete failure of Congress and the party system to register the deeper currents of today.

PARTY ALIGNMENT

It is idle for Democrats to deny that a split is opening in the Democratic Party; but it is equally foolish for Republicans to rejoice at it. The split is there, and it only confuses matters to call it a sectional one. The Southern states, being backward economically, tend to produce more reactionaries per square mile than some of the other states. But remember that Senator Black of Alabama, Senator Pepper of Florida, and Congressman Maverick of Texas are fighting on the side of the President, while Senator Burke of Nebraska, Senator McCarran of Nevada, and Senator Copeland of New York are fighting against him.

The real split is one of economic program and progressive temper. However vague the New Deal is, it marks a sharp advance toward the control of business enterprise. It would be naive to imagine that such an advance could take place without a bitter clash verging on civil war. Civil war has broken out sporadically in the strike areas; but it is also going on, more silently, on the political front. The court proposal has been useful as a sort of yardstick for measuring the breadth and sincerity of progressivism among the Democrats in Congress. But an even better yardstick will be available when the inevitable attempts are made to scrap or whittle away the Wagner Act. The real split, in short, is not between Congress and the President. It is between reactionaries and progressives. It is, most significantly, between the bi-party reactionary group in Congress and the majority of the people outside.

That is why the Republicans should not be too hasty in their rejoicing. As Mr. Allen points out, it would be a courageous Democratic rebel who would carry his rebellion to the polls in 1940. But even more crucial is the fact that the forces that are tending to split the Democrats are also paralyzing the Republicans. A party in power, especially if it comes in by a landslide, tends always to divide into groups; while a party in opposition is united by a common hatred and a common greed for office. But the Republican opposition is as much at sea on basic issues of strategy and policy as it was during the campaign. There are two Republican views. One urges that the President has moved so far to the left that there is room somewhere in the center for the Republican program. The other, scorning any centrist "liberalism," sees the future as lying with outright conservatism. The first would run a man of the stamp of Charles P. Taft; the second a man like Senator Vandenberg, or someone even more reactionary. Thus the Republicans find themselves confronting the same dilemma that bewildered them in the last campaign.

It is not hard to map the choice they will be forced to make. The issues of today are bitter issues, and public opinion proceeds from hysteria to hysteria. Mr. Roosevelt, who has an instinct for the economic drift beyond that of most presidents, seems willing to have his party cleanse itself of its reactionaries. The Republicans, slower in their historical perceptions, will eventually be forced to rid themselves of their liberals. The campaign of 1940 will see an even sharper cleavage than that of 1936. National politics today, with its roots in the labor struggle, is reaching out toward 1940.

Europe

A FEW weeks ago the specter of war which had hung over Europe for the past two years seemed at last to have been dissipated. The non-intervention patrol had been thrown around Spain; Italy had agreed to a withdrawal of foreign "volunteers," and it appeared possible that the Spanish revolt would crumble for lack of support. The German-Italian offensive in Central Europe had struck a snag in Austria. France had taken steps to reassert its interest in Danubian affairs. In the Far East a still calm had settled over China and Japan after nearly six years of almost constant turmoil. With the outstanding issues settled between Japan and the Soviet Union, incidents along the Soviet-Manchurian border had become a rarity. It was generally believed that the new Japanese government would hold the militarists more closely in check than any which had held office since 1931.

The shelling of Almeria came as a rude shock to the complacency of the democratic countries, but the ease with which the incident was settled was generally taken as evidence that every one was desirous of avoiding war. Germany and Italy were drawn back into the non-intervention patrol. Once more there was talk of withdrawing foreign "volunteers." Then almost without warning, the smoke screen with which the fascist powers had masked their intentions was swept away. Under the pretense of an alleged attack on the cruiser *Leipzig*, Germany and Italy again withdrew from the non-intervention patrol, announcing bluntly that they intended to see Franco

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through to the bitter end. Spurred by the fall of Bilbao, they refused to permit France and England to take up the duties of the non-intervention patrol which they had repudiated, thus assuring the demise of that unhappy experiment. At this point Japan suddenly announced excitedly that the Soviet Union had "invaded" a sandbar in the Amur River which, though under dispute, was claimed as Manchurian territory. Although scores of pitched battles had been fought along this frontier during the past few years without serious consequences, this incident was momentarily magnified into a grave controversy.

Obviously it is no accident that Germany, Italy, and then Japan simultaneously cast aside their sheeps' clothing. They have decided that the present is an unusually propitious moment to take the offensive. Greece, Yugoslavia, and, to a lesser extent, Rumania, are under fascist influence. Poland is linked to Rumania in an anti-Communist pact. China is relatively quiescent. The Spanish Loyalists are once more on the defensive, seriously weakened by the fall of Bilbao. France is struggling with financial difficulties which may have political repercussions. Britain considers itself still inadequately armed. And most significant of all, the Soviet Union is enmeshed in a political crisis which, in the eyes of most of the press and many of the statesmen of Western Europe, has temporarily eclipsed it as a major military power.

RUSSIA AND FRANCE

The executions of last fall and winter were profoundly disturbing in themselves and because of the evidence they provided of crucial and irreconcilable cleavage within the revolutionary movement. But they could not be taken as proof of economic or military weakness. In both respects the Soviet Union appeared stronger than ever before. The recent execution of eight Red Army leaders, on the other hand, followed by arrests in all sections of the country, indicates that disaffection is more general than had previously been known. The army has ordinarily been above factional political strife. The charges on which the generals were tried and executed suggest either the growth of a military clique with political aspirations, a conflict over domestic policy so intense that it is reflected in the armed forces, or an actual plot to aid the Nazis in their threatened aggression against Soviet territory. The fascist powers appear to be basing much of their policy on the supposition that Russia has been fundamentally weakened. This view is supported by Harold Denny's series of articles in the New York *Times* describing the effect of the purge on the morale and efficiency of functionaries and workers alike and reporting a slackening in industrial progress. On the other hand, the German newspaper correspondents in Moscow are reported to believe that the Red Army is basically strong, while G. E. R. Gedye quotes two high Czecho-Slovakian officials as expressing relief that the previously known connections between certain high Soviet commanders and the German general staff have at last been severed.

In the case of France, Hitler seems definitely to have counted on serious political and economic instability in connection with the fall of the Blum government. In this he was clearly mistaken. While Chautemps does not have as dependable left support as was accorded Blum, he is far more acceptable to the conservative interests whose backing would be essential in case of war. And it is these groups that are most likely to be aroused by Hitler's open admission of his economic aspirations in Spain. The granting of emergency powers to Georges Bonnet, the new Finance Minister, and the new devaluation of the franc have forestalled the immediate danger of financial crisis and left France in what appears to be a stronger position than at any time in the past five years.

THE CHANCES OF WAR

In a situation as tense as the present one, the possibility of immediate war cannot be wholly ruled out. Although the Japanese army may have decided that this is not the moment to launch its long-planned drive against the Soviet Union, an attempt by Germany and Italy to impose a blockade on the Spanish republic might easily lead to hostilities. It is an open question whether this could occur without involving England and France in defense of their imperial interests. But the chances are still overwhelmingly against an early conflict. On unnumbered previous occasions the fascist countries have launched a major diplomatic offensive at a time when the democratic countries were preoccupied with other affairs. Yet they have shown uncanny agility in avoiding wars with other than third-rate nations. And for this there is an excellent reason. None of the fascist countries is strong enough to engage in a protracted war with a leading power. Germany, Italy, and Japan are all short of foodstuffs and basic raw materials. Nor have they sufficient gold or foreign exchange to purchase supplies from abroad on a wartime scale.

The one factor which might encourage Hitler or Mussolini to launch an attack would be the assurance that Great Britain would not enter the conflict. If the war started in the Far East, it is conceivable that Germany might confine its assistance, as in the Spanish insurrection, to underground aid. But it is one thing to localize a civil war in an undeveloped country like Spain, and another to prevent a major conflict in the Far East from involving the other powers with interests in that area. Any leanings that the new Chamberlain Cabinet may have toward collaboration with the Third Reich would probably vanish if it appeared that, through German and Italian aid, the Japanese were about to expand still further their Far Eastern interests. If further pressure were needed to line Britain definitely against the fascist powers, it would undoubtedly be brought to bear by France. Although France is not committed under the Franco-Soviet agreement to aid Russia in the event of attack by Japan, it could scarcely stand by and watch its most powerful European ally overrun by a combination of fascist forces. The renewed firmness exhibited by Britain in refusing to grant belligerent status to the Spanish rebels at the request of Germany and Italy suggests that it is inclined to abandon conciliatory tactics in dealing with fascist aggression. If this firmness could be depended upon in the negotiations of the coming weeks there would be no fear of immediate war.

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The New Deal Fights for Its Life

BY ROBERT S. ALLEN

Washington, June 29

NUMEROUS articles and news stories have appeared in the press of late about a looming split in the Democratic Party. The basis of these reports has been the President's difficulties in putting his legislative program through Congress. To the political pundits and oracles (known variously in the press gallery as "thumbsuckers" and "navel gazers") this situation has afforded almost limitless opportunities for conjuring up all sorts of wild theories, ranging from a break-up of Democratic ranks to a new realignment of parties.

There is plenty of open and covert opposition to the President's policies on the part of certain Democratic Senators and Congressmen. But there is no split in the party nor talk of one. Not one of the dissidents has taken a walk or threatened to do so. They don't dare bolt. It would be political suicide for them. With a few exceptions—Burke of Nebraska, Copeland of New York, Adams of Colorado, King of Utah, McCarran of Nevada—the anti-Administrationites are Southerners who remember very vividly what befell the Hoovercrats for jumping the traces in 1928. It was significant that in the 1936 campaign not one Southern officeholder or candidate, including the ineffable Gene Talmadge, bolted the party reservation. The hostile Northerners and Westerners also are not sticking out their necks by going off the party reservation. Practically every one of them was very careful to be on hand at the Jefferson Island love feast. Mr. Roosevelt's policies may anguish their reactionary souls, but they are keeping a tight clutch on the Democratic label—and the President's coattails. It is their only hope of reelection next year.

If there was a split or early likelihood of one, the situation would be much more cheerful. The best thing that could happen to the Democratic Party and the President would be for the reactionary cabal to follow the example of Al Smith, Jim Reed, and the other 1936 bolters and take a walk. It would clear the atmosphere immeasurably and greatly strengthen Roosevelt's hand in dealing with Congress. He would then be able to disregard the pressure of the dissidents and treat them as the enemies they are. But bitterly as they hate him and his proposals, they are giving him no such opportunity. Their aim is not to smash the Democratic Party but to capture it.

Behind the sniping and sabotaging of the Southern die-hards and their Northern and Western allies is a two-fold objective: (1) to put a halt to further liberal economic and social legislation, (2) to wrest dominance of the party from Roosevelt and dictate the Presidential nominee in 1940. That is what all the shouting on the Potomac really is about. The Old Guard is after the scalp of the New Deal and not of the Democratic Party. It wants to undermine the Administration so as to prepare the ground for a "safe" standard-bearer in 1940; someone of the type of Missouri's demagogic Senator Bennett Clark or Paul (Social Precedence) McNutt. It is possible that two years from now if the conspirators are unable to get their way, some of them may take a walk. But at present that is farthest from their thoughts. They are after bigger—and safer—game. In this momentous undercover struggle the President has aligned against him most of the Democratic leaders of Congress. With a few exceptions these men are Southerners of long service who owe their powerful places wholly to the rule of seniority. Head man of the cabal, up to his recent departure, was Vice-President Jack Garner. The crafty Texan makes a great show publicly about his devotion and loyalty to the President—"my Boss." But behind the scenes he has wielded a murderous axe. It was Garner who conceived the idea of attaching an anti-sitdown rider to the Guffey coal bill in order to force Roosevelt's hand on the strike issue. The Southern clique, fearing the C. I. O. organization drive in the textile mills, tried to persuade the President to declare against the sitdown tactic. He refused, whereupon Garner, who is bitterly anti-labor, cooked up the scheme to compel Roosevelt to take a stand by inserting an anti-sitdown amendment in the Guffey bill that was certain to pass and go to the White House for signature. The attack was beaten off, but only after strenuous battling. It was Garner also who early in May began agitating for a hurry-up adjournment and the shelving of the President's entire legislative program, including the Supreme Court reorganization bill. His failure to get anywhere with this maneuver was the cause of his sudden decision that he needed a rest cure on his cool Uvalde veranda. As far as the White House is concerned, if he returns in January it will be too soon.

Except for patronage finagling, Garner did not meddle in Administration affairs during Roosevelt's first term. But during the past winter and spring he secretly had his hands in every issue. Although he did not stay for the Senate fight on the relief bill he did a lot of agitating for a slash in the appropriation. He also raged against the wage-hour regulation bill and buried the knife deep in the back of the President's government reorganization plan. Among his cronies he repeatedly urged the need to organize in order to prevent the nomination of a liberal in 1940. Personally Garner has no political power, but in his position as Vice-President he can, and it is now clearly apparent he will, fight against the President's liberal policies and their continuance.

Senate Floor Leader Joe Robinson picked up where Garner left off. The bulky, trigger-tempered Arkansan has never been sympathetic to the New Deal and on

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more than one occasion has quietly knifed the White House. An example of this was his action in the closing hours of the 1936 session, when despite a personal request from the President that Congress be kept in session until the Senate had concurred in the Guffey coal bill, previously approved by the House, Robinson a few minutes later rose on the Senate floor and moved adjournment. In the first year of the Administration there was considerable undercover talk about displacing Robinson as floor leader. He was widely unpopular because of his surly temper and high-handedness. He could have been ousted, but it would have entailed a fight, and Roosevelt, although he was warned that he would regret it, backed away from the distasteful job. This session, with his reactionary fellow Southerners aggressively on the offensive, he has played in with them hand in glove. Not even his itching ambition to go to the Supreme Court has kept him from attacking White House measures.

In the relief fight he rushed to the succor of the Old Guard cabal when they faced defeat in their attempt to riddle the bill with the Byrnes amendment requiring a 40 per cent contribution from cities and states. The present average ratio is less than 10 per cent. A 40 per cent restriction would have had the effect of holding down relief outlays to around $750,000,000. The reactionaries in control of the Appropriations Committee were able to load down the measure with the Byrnes rider. But in the open, on the floor of the Senate, it quickly became apparent that the scheme had no chance. It was at this point that Robinson galloped to the rescue. Without a word of warning to the President, and giving the impression he was offering an Administration compromise, he proposed a 25 per cent requirement. It took nearly a week of circuitous and delicate maneuvering to undo Joe's sabotage. He also strove strenuously to persuade the President to shelve his legislative program and wind up the session. When Roosevelt turned thumbs down on the idea, Robinson countered with a proposal that the program be limited to the court measure. Roosevelt, however, has persisted in insisting on his full program. Whether he can keep Robinson and the other sabotaging leaders on the job after the court issue has been disposed of remains to be seen. It will take more vigorous whipcracking than Roosevelt has displayed so far.

At the moment Joe is busy giving indirect aid and comfort to the foes of the court bill by a consistently defeatist attitude. In his conferences with the President on the issue he has constantly underestimated Administration strength and urged the acceptance of a compromise much more unfavorable than the situation actually warranted. The six-judge plan is dead, but the President has a great deal more strength in the Senate on the court issue than Joe will admit. The vicious adverse report of the Judiciary Committee with its personal attacks on the President, written, incidentally, by Borah and an American Bar Association lobbyist, boomeranged against the opposition. In fact, even some of the signers of the document are now explaining privately that they had not read it and were misled as to its contents. Also, an intimation from Roosevelt that he is prepared to throw the court issue into next year's Congressional elections has had a salutary effect on some of the fence-sitters. Facing difficult contests, they have no desire to add to their troubles by having this dynamite-loaded question injected into the campaign. With loyal floor leadership it is probable that a four-judge bill can be passed. As it is, the President not only has to fight the opposition seeking to prevent enactment of any kind of legislation but to prevent being sold short on a compromise by his own leaders. Roosevelt's hopes in the fight rest on first-termers, such as Schwellenbach of Washington, Minton of Indiana, Schwartz of Wyoming, and a few veterans such as Barkley of Kentucky and Hugo Black of Alabama. Robinson, Harrison, Byrnes will sell him out at every turn.

White House intimates assert that despite the barrage of "authoritative" reports that Robinson is a sure-fire bet for the Van Devanter vacancy on the Supreme Court his selection is by no means certain. They say the President has never discussed the matter with Joe. In any event, they declare, his hopes of getting on the bench depend entirely on what happens to the court bill. If it is defeated the President, they predict, will not name him. Joe is too old (he is 65) and too conservative to be the President's first appointee to the Court. However, if several additional justices are authorized it is not unlikely that Robinson will be one of those named. If he is, the sole reason will be Roosevelt's fear not to appoint him. Robinson unquestionably would bitterly and vengefully resent his rejection, and his Southern pals would be no less irate. They are, in fact, his only backers. The liberals to a man are against him. But the reactionaries are beating the drums for him lustily and muttering dire threats of revenge if the President doesn't come across. Senator Josiah Bailey, yawping foe of everything savoring of liberalism, remarked to newsmen, "If the President don't appoint Robinson he will not only lose his Senate leader but he will lose the Senate." The last part of the statement is untrue, but the first is very likely.

Liberal confidants of the President say he now realizes fully what he is up against in the legislative situation and is determined to wage a finish fight for his program if it takes the rest of the year. As evidence of his stiffened backbone they cite his firm stand against strong pressure during the Jefferson Island conferences to agree to an August 15 adjournment. Roosevelt told Robinson and the other leaders that he wanted his full program enacted. He also made it clear that any measure shelved would be renewed next year and if necessary made a campaign issue. On their part they made no promises, but it is significant that, since the powwow, talk of an early adjournment has quieted down. Whether the question will be raised again depends on how militant a front Roosevelt presents in the court fight. If he stands pat and refuses to be bluffed or stampeded there is every likelihood he will have his way on the other measures. If he weakens and runs he is all washed up, not only for this session but for the rest of his term. The court battle is more than a struggle over that particular legislation. It is the determining test of the remainder of his Administration—which will be made or broken in this struggle.

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O Little Town of Bethlehem

BY ALLEN GROBIN

I HAVE watched a "back-to-work movement" in the steel strike sector. I never saw anything more phony. When I returned from Johnstown, Pennsylvania, I was surprised to find how inaccurate a picture even well-informed New Yorkers had of what was going on in the steel-mill towns, despite the thousands of words printed about the strike. Most of the people I talked with appeared to think that (a) Tom Girdler was the so-and-so back of it all; but none the less that (b) the steel workers themselves, many of them, wanted to go back to work rather than continue the strike. There are two things wrong with this picture: (a) and (b).

On the other hand I should not have been surprised, for Edward Levinson of the New York *Post* was one of the few newspapermen I met in the strike zone who knew what the score was and who told it with clarity —and he got thrown out of the Johnstown City Hall for being so smart. There may have been one or two others who were doing a good job; but those I met were covering the story as though it were ordinary police-court routine or a baseball game.

They were telling who, what, where, and when—day by day, as things occurred or when somebody issued a statement. But they were not telling (or, at least, their papers were not printing) the why and how; and here, as every intelligent reporter on the job knew, lay the meat of the story.

New York, however, knew more about the situation than Johnstown did. The farther one got from the strike zone the more fairly was the story presented. In the strike zone the local newspapers made no pretense of fairness. Typical examples were the two Johnstown papers, the morning *Democrat* and the evening *Tribune*. They fairly frothed at the mouth editorially and in their news columns. Both pictured the strike as revolution and the strikers as aliens and Communists.

Since the strikers had been reduced to primitive word-of-mouth as a means of communication, their side of the story was smothered under a thick blanket of distortion in the local press. As a result, the local strike-bound communities themselves had but the vaguest idea of what was going on. This, as it developed, was an important element in the set-up for the spurious "back-to-work movement" and for the dynamitings which loosed against the strikers a fury already carefully built up. Neither of these events would have occurred in Johnstown had its 70,000 inhabitants been told the truth.

The anti-strike campaign has been waged along two general lines. One objective was to break the morale of the steel workers; the other to turn the general public against the strike. The attempt to demoralize the strikers took two forms: propaganda to the effect that the strike was lost, that men were going back to work, and that the strikers had better come back too while they were still acceptable to the management; terrorization of pickets and the intimidation of their families. Public opinion was "coordinated" also in two ways: through propaganda by means of press, pulpit, general talk, and gossip; and through economic pressure. The economic pressure was terrific.

On June 15, five days after the strike broke out, five leaders of the vigilantes met with the two strike leaders, David Watkins and John W. Stephenson, at the Lutheran Church on Vine Street. S. H. Heckman, head of the Penn-Traffic Store, Johnstown's only department store, who was one of the organizers of the vigilante Citizens' Committee, told Watkins and Stephenson that "the business men of the Greater Johnstown area will absolutely refuse to permit the employees of the Bethlehem Steel Company to organize and bargain collectively with their employer, as such procedure would be harmful to our business." I have in my possession a stenographic report of that conference.

Another item is the pencil-scrawled note to Mrs. Pedro Sanchez, wife of a striker, from Vince Faranda, who runs a general merchandise store where he sells everything from groceries to dry goods. I have it before me as I write. It says:

> Mrs. Sanchez: I guess you have heard about it. We are very sorry, because we have to stop all accounts. Because the wholesaler they have stopped all of our accounts and put us on cash basis.
>
> So since we have to pay cash for everything, we must get cash for everything too. So please don't feel offend (sic), because we can't help it. We want to stay in business.
>
> *After this is all over, we will gladly open your accounts again.* So please help us and keep on buying for cash here until we can open your accounts again. I feel very, very sorry. (signed) VINCE FARANDA.

Bethlehem Steel's executives and straw bosses, the town's bankers, merchants, city officials, newspapers, and clergymen have all been on the firing line against the strikers. The plan of campaign, apparently, was first to isolate the strikers from the rest of the community, and second to turn the community against the strikers. The isolation was accomplished by driving a wedge between the steel strikers on the one side and the white-collar workers and farmers on the other. The wedge was driven home with three distinct blows:

1. It was reported that the Cambria mills would close permanently if the strikers won. Since Johnstown's economic basis for existence rests on the Bethlehem Steel Company, this threw fear into the heart of every shop-

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keeper, small business man, and white-collar worker.

2. The day the steel workers went out on strike the Penn-Traffic Store laid off large numbers of its clerks, ranging in various departments from 25 to 50 per cent. After the modified martial law was clamped on, the remaining clerks were quivering in their shoes because of a rumor spread among them that if the strike were not settled they would be put on a half-week schedule.

3. It was publicly urged by the Johnstown *Democrat* and *Tribune* that all steel-mill workers go on relief immediately, which—it was stated—would raise relief costs in Cambria County 600 per cent. Nothing could be better calculated to arouse every home owner, business man, and farmer in Cambria County.

The wedge was driven home none too subtly. To tie these activities together, it is necessary to note a few facts:

1. There are only two major industries in the Johnstown area—steel and coal. Of the two, steel is dominant and pours more money into the city.

2. There is only one bank in Johnstown (as a result of the bank failures of 1932-1933)—the United States National Bank, which does all of Bethlehem's business.

3. The leading mercantile establishment and only department store is the Penn-Traffic Store.

4. The Bethlehem Steel Company contributes to the support of all Johnstown's churches, whose wealthiest parishioners are the steel executives and sub-executives.

The talk of what had happened to the clerks at the Penn-Traffic Store—and what was rumored to impend—spread like wildfire through the city. Twenty-four hours later I could not find a store clerk in Johnstown who was not prayerfully hoping the strike would be settled immediately. Thus Bethlehem accomplished the break between the steel strikers and the white-collar workers.

Five fingers pull the strings at Johnstown, and the effects of their manipulations reach directly or indirectly into the homes of every one of the 70,000 inhabitants of the Bethlehem "company town." The five key figures are C. R. Ellicott, general manager of the Cambria mills; George Suppes, president, and Francis Martin, cashier, of the United States National Bank; S. H. Heckman of the Penn-Traffic Store, and Daniel Shields, mayor of the city. Behind all five loom the same figures that stand behind Tom Girdler of Republic Steel and Frank Purnell of Youngstown Sheet and Tube—Eugene Grace, chairman of the board of Bethlehem, and William C. Potter, board chairman of the Guaranty Trust Company of New York, a Morgan bank.

A word about the five. Ellicott is known throughout the steel mill region as an intransigeant union hater; Suppes is entirely dependent for his big financial business on Bethlehem; Martin is president of the Johnstown Chamber of Commerce and is chairman of the vigilante Citizens' Committee; Heckman was Martin's lieutenant in organizing and leading the vigilantes; Mayor Shields is an ex-convict. Shields played his part in supplying the vigilantes. Of the 700 vigilantes, 600 came from the local civil-service lists for police and firemen jobs. When they were sworn in for strike duty, they were told that this job was a test of their fitness to hold city jobs. Suppes, whose bank holds hundreds of farm mortgages, at the same time announced he had "800 farmers prepared to do for Johnstown what the farmers did for Hershey."

The Reverend ——— is pastor of a Protestant church in Johnstown. On the Sunday after martial law was declared by Governor Earle, I was discussing the local situation with him on the street. A number of his parishioners surrounded us. The general tone of the conversation led me to understand that the Reverend Mr. —— was opposed to the strike. With nothing more immediate in mind, I inquired:

"Are you one of the Bishop McConnell school of social thought or are you on the other side of the fence?" He replied that he disagreed with much that Bishop McConnell has said and done.

The next morning, at the hotel, my telephone rang. It was the Reverend Mr. ——, and his voice was agitated. He wanted to come right up to see me. I told him to come ahead. He arrived, looking like a man undergoing a severe strain.

"My conscience is troubling me," he said.

"What about?" I asked.

"Well, you asked me a lot of questions yesterday . . . and, well . . . I wasn't quite truthful. As a matter of fact, I am an intense admirer of Bishop McConnell and agree with him fully." I drew him on, and let him talk. It turned out that the Reverend Mr. —— was in reality genuinely sympathetic with the strikers. Toward the end of his confession, he dug into his pocket, pulled out a sheet of paper, and thrust it at me.

"Here, read this," he said, "and tell me what you think of it."

It was the rough draft of a resolution which condemned the action of Governor Earle in declaring martial law, stated that the community was opposed to the strike, and that the steel workers themselves were opposed to it.

"What is this?" I asked.

"It's the rough draft of a resolution which I have been asked to draw up to present to the Ministerial Association," he answered.

"But you don't believe this!" I exclaimed.

He sighed heavily, and drew a handkerchief across his forehead. His silence was answer enough. I said: "You're in a tough spot, aren't you?" And his reply was a gust of despair: "You have no idea!"

"Well, what are you going to do about it?" I persisted.

"There's only one thing I can do. I'm going right down to the meeting and present this. Then I'm going on my vacation, and I'm not coming back until this is all over." I shall never forget his back as he went out.

But the strangest story of all revolves about the declaration of martial law by Governor Earle. Robert Lytle of the United Press, by some smart work, traced the telephone call to Governor Earle in which Sheriff Michael J. Boyle of Cambria County asked for martial law, on the ground that 40,000 coal miners were marching on Johnstown to support the steel strikers. That call was made on Friday, June 18.

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Lytle traced the call to the executive offices of the Bethlehem Steel Company in Johnstown. Queried by Lytle, Sheriff Boyle admitted making the call from the Bethlehem offices and said General Manager Ellicott had helped him draft the appeal for martial law. Later I asked James Mark, leader of the strike in Johnstown and president of District 2 of the United Mine Workers of America, when he had given his miners the order to march on Johnstown.

"Saturday, June 19," he replied.

"Are you sure you did not order the march on Friday, June 18?" I asked.

"I am certain," he stated. "I had no such idea until I talked with Phil Murray on Saturday morning."

That seemed curious. The only man who could have ordered the miners to march was Mark. If Lewis or Murray had ordered it, they could have got their message out only through Mark. Yet Sheriff Boyle and General Manager Ellicott had known it on Friday, twenty-four hours before Mark knew it.

Governor Earle's supporters are still wondering whether Sheriff Boyle and Mr. Ellicott did not think the Governor would refuse their request for martial law. A vigilante told John J. Devine, special investigator of the Pennsylvania State Department of Justice: "Three days more and we woulda had this strike broken, if that damn Earle hadn't slapped on the martial law." Is it possible that Ellicott and Boyle were expecting violence? Did it seem that if Earle refused to grant martial law he could then be charged with responsibility for whatever happened later? Would that have ruined Earle's career?

The most reasonable explanation I have heard—and it comes from a source close to Earle—is that when the request for martial law came through, the Governor telephoned John Lewis and asked whether the miners' march had been ordered. Apparently Lewis and Murray gave substance to the shadow by ordering the march, making a reality of a wholly imaginary situation and thereby justifying the martial law and saving the strike.

The known plotting and ruthless measures resorted to in Johnstown by some of the "law-and-order" elements suggest that the same elements might not have hesitated to dynamite the water mains running into the Cambria mills in order to discredit the strike. Who *did* think of dynamite? In all the time I spent with the strikers at Johnstown I never heard a word suggesting sabotage. I did hear how easy it would be to stop the Cambria mill by blasting the water main. I heard it ten days before it happened. It was suggested to me by a policeman in Johnstown. The dynamiters were careful, I notice, to do no real damage, as the management has since admitted.

There's plenty that's phony in Johnstown!

Japan's Dilemma

BY ELIOT JANEWAY

II

JAPAN'S economic crisis has compelled the army to call a temporary halt in the campaign against China. It has not taught the army that the continued extension of armament manufactures is bound to intensify the present crisis. The army remains determined to accelerate its armament program. Of the current budget 47.5 per cent is to be absorbed by measures of direct war preparations, and a further 18.2 per cent will be spent on the steel, aviation, oil, and auxiliary armament industries. Exactly 0.2 per cent is allotted to "the renovation of education," and 1.6 per cent to health and relief measures.

Recent developments in the steel industry illustrate the reckless determination of the military to cling to their policy of conquest. The Japan Steel Manufacturing Company, a government agency, is spending $20,000,000 on the construction of new steel mills near Kobe. At the instance of the very aggressive Kwantung Army, the South Manchurian Railway has taken over the Showa Steel Company, and is planning to raise its pig-iron and steel output by 2,500,000 tons each in six years, at a cost of 160,000,000 yen. The government also proposes to introduce a licensing system in the iron-and-steel industry. All projects using steel, including those of the government, are to be postponed unless they are "vitally necessary to the national defense." All steel companies are to be compelled, furthermore, to maintain their annual productive capacity at a minimum of 100,000 metric tons a year; this will involve ruinous expenditures for the many small steel companies.

Similar projects are being undertaken in allied industries. Thus, 95,000,000 yen are to be spent on the development of synthetic oil production in Korea. To overcome Japan's notorious weakness in the air, the Mitsui interests have entered the military plane field, and the Mitsubishi group, which has been engaged in plane production for some time, is "doubling its capitalization in order to enlarge its aircraft manufacturing capacity."

In spite of these heroic measures, Japan's heavy industries are unable to produce in sufficient volume to satisfy the demands of the armed forces. The government's solution to this problem is again characteristic and can only intensify the economic crisis. Because of the steel shortage, Japanese steel interests have been compelled "to decline an offer from Brazil for the purchase of 10,000,000 yen worth of rails and locomotives." Such a sum could buy a great deal of cotton, iron ore, and manganese, supplies which Brazil has to sell and which Japan sorely lacks. Yet here is illustrated the vicious circle in which the Japanese military have involved the nation—steel exports to Brazil are forbidden because of the steel shortage at home. But one cause of the steel shortage is the lack of iron and manganese ores with which Brazil can pay for steel. As the steel shortage grows, Japanese shipyards

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face a serious delay on 141 vessels with an aggregate tonnage of 883,200. Meanwhile, because of a shipping shortage, freight rates to the Far East from North and South America are rising rapidly. High freight rates increase the cost of importing cotton from the Americas. And higher cotton costs raise textile costs, thus increasing the trade deficit, aggravating the budget crisis, provoking the government to extend import restrictions which add to the already desperate raw-material shortage, and thus completing a vicious industrial circle from which Japan can escape only by abandoning her expensive militarist ambitions.

Early in February the Japanese government announced that in order to obtain material for its armament program it had been forced to suspend the import duty on iron and steel for two years (at a cost to the Treasury of 11,000,000 yen which, a later announcement said, would be made up by new tax levies). Simultaneously the government announced that two orders for steel-making equipment, the largest in thirty years, had been placed with American firms. One, placed by Mitsui and Company, was awarded to the United Engineering and Foundry Company of Pittsburgh. The order calls for the erection of a 450,000-ton capacity hot-strip-steel mill—this is "the total annual output for all the mills now operating in Japan." The site of the mill is an island nine hundred miles southwest of Tokyo, where the commercial demand for steel is not very great.

The other order, placed by the Mitsubishi Company, was awarded to the Mesta Machine Company of New York and the East Pittsburgh division of the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company. (Westinghouse owns an interest in the Mitsubishi works in Japan.) This order provides for the construction of a cold-steel mill to cost $5,000,000 and to be built entirely in this country, except for certain electrical equipment to be provided in Japan "from Westinghouse designs."

A month later, in March, it was announced that the Struthers Iron and Steel Company of Youngstown would shortly begin shipment of 25,000 tons of its high-grade specialty pig iron to Japan. The company's capacity is only 15,000 tons a month, and its order book was then so full that three months had to elapse before the Japanese contract could be filled. However, some light may be thrown upon the willingness of the Struthers Company to force its American customers to wait while it shipped pig iron to Japan by the fact that its most prominent director is also a director of the United Engineering and Foundry Company, as well as of a New York bank on whose board are represented interests which have long been identified with Westinghouse.

During the entire year of 1936 the United States exported only 5,316 tons of pig iron. But in January, 1937, alone we exported 13,329 tons—250 per cent more than in the entire year of 1936—mostly to Japan. And between January and April, reports the Department of Commerce, "the United States sold Japan more pig iron than it sold to all the world in the six preceding years. So far this year Japan has placed orders in the United States for 600,000 tons of iron and steel."

Originally, Japanese pig-iron purchases here had been made at the rate of 65 yen a ton. On March 30, however, it was announced that 35,000 tons of pig iron had been sold to Japan by the Mystic Iron Company at the rate of 115-120 yen a ton, or nearly double the official price. This announcement naturally provoked considerable resentment on the part of companies which had sold to the Japanese before the price was raised. After the new price went into effect the Japanese contracted to buy 382,000 tons of pig iron at the new price; the price increase has already cost Japanese steel manufacturers, who buy their pig iron for steel making from the Ministry of Commerce and Industry, 20,000,000 yen.

Credit for this highly profitable readjustment of export pig-iron prices, then, must go to the Mystic Iron Company. Who controls it? The company is well named, for its affairs are not easy to probe. All that is known about it is that it is a subsidiary of Eastern Gas and Fuel Associates—a large utility. This utility, however, is itself controlled by the Koppers Company. The Koppers Company is, of course, one of the pillars of the Mellon financial structure. And one of the Mellon side-shows happens to be the same Westinghouse combine which owns a participating interest in the Mitsubishi engineering enterprises and which is busily engaged in equipping new Japanese factories; and another side-show of the Mellons' banking interests is United Engineering and Foundry, which, with the Struthers Company, has been doing as well with Japanese orders. (United Engineering has since received three additional Japanese orders.)

Japan's purchases of scrap steel and iron in this country have become legendary. Until a few months ago, our scrap exports to Japan were always good for a journalistic yarn, but they amounted to little more. Last spring, however, the situation became dangerous to those "independent" steel companies which are compelled to buy all or part of their pig iron or scrap for steel making on the open market. These companies were then unable to obtain supplies. Moreover, the export price of scrap was bid up (on European demand as well) far beyond the domestic price, aggravating the domestic shortage.

As the result of this drain on our scrap supplies such well-known "independent" steel companies as National Steel, Wheeling Steel, Lukens Steel (an important navy contractor), and Pittsburgh Steel organized a committee to demand an embargo on further scrap exports. But this protest does not bespeak any fixed objection of the independents to aiding Japanese militarism. They simply want to keep scrap—a raw material on which they make no profit—in this country, and to sell to Japan the competitive pig iron which they manufacture. This purpose is reflected in the presence of representatives of Pittsburgh Steel on the committee. For on the Pittsburgh Steel board are to be found the same interests which direct the affairs of Struthers Iron and Steel. And immediately after the scrap committee's declaration, Struthers contracted to sell another 22,500 tons of pig iron to Japan.

Japan is also placing copper orders of a remarkable character in this country. Early in April the Mitsui and Mitsubishi interests jointly arranged with the Granby

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Consolidated Mining, Smelting, and Power Company to buy every last ounce of copper concentrates produced by the company during the next three years. The price of this copper will vary with the world price. Shipments are expected to average 4,000 tons a month. But during 1936 Japan consumed only eleven-odd thousand tons of copper a month. Thus from one source, an American-owned copper mine in Canada, Japan has guaranteed herself a steady monthly supply of more than one-third of her copper needs. A secure copper supply under present market conditions is a luxury not all American consumers of the metal enjoy. For example, last December, when domestic copper supplies ran out, two leading American copper fabricators—General Cable Corporation and Revere Copper and Brass, Inc.—were compelled to refuse orders for nearly 20,000 tons of fabricated copper because they were unable to buy sufficient raw material.

It is true that the Granby company is discriminated against in the United States by our 4-cent-a-pound copper tariff, but the rest of the world is again eager to buy copper, and it hardly seems likely that its eagerness will diminish during the next three years. Accordingly, the willingness of the Granby directors to bind themselves to such a long-term contract would appear inexplicable on the face of things. Again a glance at the company's board of directors helps to solve the mystery. For Granby is no independent. Its board is dominated by interests close to the investment banking house of Hayden, Stone, which, with the Guggenheims and the Morgans, controls the great Kennecott copper mine. A leading part in Granby's affairs is also taken by the secretary of a subsidiary of the other important Morgan copper interest—Phelps Dodge. This mining group comes as close to dominating the world's metal markets as any one group can. The Granby deal typifies the attitude these interests take toward Japan. Their more important properties are concentrating on recovery in the prosperous countries. Only the marginal companies are being put to work on Japanese orders. But the sending or the denying of essential materials of war to Japan hinges upon decisions made in at least one very central office in Wall Street.

III

In effect, then, certain American interests are intervening to allow Japan a breathing-spell from her economic crisis. But meanwhile the American armament program gravitates toward the Pacific—obviously because of the "Japanese menace." The War Department proposes to develop a new air base at Tacoma. A base already exists at Riverside, California. The House has approved a naval air station for San Francisco. The Tacoma decision, predicts the New York *Times,* which is extremely well informed on military aviation plans, is a "certain indication that military leaders soon would propose another and even larger one in Alaska." The Pacific Coast aircraft companies have booked $80,000,000 of orders, exactly twice as much as the East Coast companies have received. Seventy per cent of the country's planes will be built in California this year. The Navy wants a $15,000,000 base at Oakland.

Nor is this all. "Official interest," reports the Chicago *Journal of Commerce,* has been stirred "in the practicability of a Pacific Coast iron-and-steel industry using electric furnaces and employing raw materials from Asia." Three reports have recently been made on Philippine ores. A large part of the 500,000 tons of good-grade iron ore there evidently has a high manganiferous and nickel content, in both of which vital ores this country is deficient. The Philippines also contain good commercial deposits of chromium. The cost of delivering Philippine iron ore on the Pacific Coast would be about $8.20 a ton—about double that of Lake Superior ore delivered at Lake Erie ports. But this is not prohibitive in time of shortage (we used large quantities of Philippine ore in the East during the war). The spring shortage, for example, made it profitable to sell Australian iron ore at Baltimore. It is emphasized that this "new economic situation ties in with proposed expert studies here regarding a Philippine economic set-up which might support independence earlier than . . . 1936."

Proposals to develop a Pacific Coast steel industry on the basis of the Philippines' "potential raw-material supplies have become of new significance in view of the rapid construction of immense hydro-electric plants in the Northwest states which may soon be looking for new tasks." This refers to the Bonneville, and to a lesser extent to the Grand Coulee, electrification projects which, when completed, will provide the virtually unindustrialized Northwest states with an installed capacity of 2,312,000 kilowatts and a potential output of 15 billion kilowatt-hours.

To complete the picture, the War Department, as the *Wall Street Journal* has put the matter, "has butt in" on the Bonneville project, radically increasing its cost. Here, then, is a program which is almost sinister in its blunt completeness. A steel industry is to be created where there were only water-falls before. The lack of coal is no deterrent; electric furnaces can substitute for it. Ores will be brought from the Philippines. Freight costs are no deterrent; in boom conditions, whether in time of war or peace, surplus supplies must be transported great distances. Already, says *Business Week,* it is hoped that "the basic electro-chemical, electro-metallurgical, and other heavy industries in which the cost of power bears a high ratio to manufacturing cost" will be attracted to the Bonneville area. Aircraft production is booming on the Coast. To the south, a rubber-manufacturing boom is making a second Akron of Los Angeles. In a word, by 1940 a new Pittsburgh—supplemented (as Pittsburgh is not) by bombing-plane factories—may well have risen on the Pacific Coast. It will be fed with power supplied by the War Department's brain-child—Bonneville Dam—and it will depend (as Pittsburgh does not) upon a colonial raw-material base which Japan covets.

But no doubt an arms base will be needed on the Pacific Coast by that time to protect us against the "Japanese menace" which our steel and copper is arming at an ever-increasing rate.

(*The first instalment of this article appeared in the issue of June 26.*)

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Jack Raper, Cleveland's Best Citizen

BY LOUIS ADAMIC

FOR decades now, young newspapermen, especially those of more than average talent and general competence, have been giving up their jobs in cities and towns west of the Hudson and pouring into New York. Some of them found work on the big Manhattan dailies, and some are now editors, editorial and special writers, foreign and Washington correspondents, and sport, gossip, book, drama, and political columnists. A few developed into more or less successful free-lance writers of novels, magazine articles or stories, or nonfiction; some into well-paid staff writers on mass-circulation periodicals; some into "Communist" and red journalists—their redness splotched with yellow; and some into assorted intellectuals, a more accurate label for whom would be "ineffectuals." Thousands took—if not immediately, then in the course of time—to publicity, radio, advertising. Of other thousands there remains no trace.

There are reasons for this migration to New York, all tied up with the problems of the American press and the country as a whole. But its effects have been evil. It may be partly responsible for the deft writing of some of the news stories in the New York *Herald Tribune;* without doubt it is greatly to blame for the all-around shabbiness of many newspapers outside New York—to which fact, in turn, may be partly ascribed the shabby quality of life in many communities beyond Hoboken and their pathetic dependence on Manhattan for mental and spiritual stimulation. The process ruins much good talent. Most of what it does not ruin it makes ineffective.

Which brings me to John W. Raper, a columnist on the Cleveland *Press.* In spite of his outstanding ability Jack Raper was never tempted to go to New York—doesn't like the place—and never sought national fame or recognition. He has worked on the same paper for almost forty years, running the same column since August 23, 1900; yet today, at sixty-seven, he is incontestably Cleveland's most effective and successful citizen, and though he is scarcely known outside Ohio he is probably one of the most significant figures in the American newspaper world. He is the best functioning man of his age in Cleveland; and as a human being he is, in most important respects, probably better off than the overwhelming majority of people. He works six days a week from eight in the morning till eight or nine and even ten or eleven at night, doing for the most part exactly what he wants to be doing. And doing that, he has become an integral part of the minds, feelings, and instinctive reactions of a majority of the people of Cleveland. He is a source and the core of that town's often demonstrated political health.

His story is a pleasure to write.

Jack Raper is of old Virginia stock that came to Ohio, *via* Carolina and West Virginia, something over 130 years ago. He was born and raised in Chillicothe, in Vinton County, a town he describes as "pure hick." His father was a country newspaperman, and Jack became a reporter in his teens, working briefly on numerous papers in Ohio and also in Chicago, Buffalo, and Albany.

Back in the mid-nineties, between newspaper jobs, Raper—then about twenty-five—worked for Lew Dockstader, minstrel and monologist, whose buffoonery was punctuated by shrewd comments on local, national, and world events and personalities. Officially, Jack was Dockstader's press agent, but he suggested also many of his most popular songs and monologs, and was responsible for his sharpest, funniest "wisecracks."

Marrying, Jack Raper gave up this job—it required too much traveling—and became a reporter on the Cleveland *Press,* a Scripps paper. He was (still is) an excellent newsman. His interviews with stuffed shirts and bunkshooters, like his reports of their speeches, were full of wasp-like stings. He wrote as he talked; his work with Dockstader had taught him to time and place his stings so they were most effective. He was naturally independent. The Scripps organization encouraged him to be so.

Having been connected with the theater while on Dockstader's staff, Jack added to his reportorial duties those of dramatic critic. Once his sole comment on a performance of "Resurrection," starring Eugenia Blair, was "Burn a rag." This closed the show in Cleveland, and then went, amid guffaws, throughout the theatrical world, where the phrase is to this day used as comment on stenchy performances. This sort of criticism caused the organized show business to boycott the *Press,* which lost over $100,000 a year for two years in theatrical advertising. But Jack Raper kept his job—thanks partly to the fact that old man Scripps was less interested in immediate profits than in developing honest, independent newspapers.

Jack is a small, wiry, extremely lean fellow, alert and agile, with a wasp waist even at sixty-seven. But waspishness is by no means his central characteristic. He has a fierce attachment to the principles and the practice of honesty, liberty, fair play, common sense, and human decency. One of his colleagues on the *Press,* Elrick Davis, calls him the Wasp of Virtue—as apt a short characterization as one could wish for. But there is in him no malice for malice's sake, not a suggestion of a holier-than-thou attitude nor the least touch of puritanism.

One day in the summer of 1900 Editor Rickey of the *Press,* an old-time Scripps man, suggested to Raper that he write down "some of these things you're saying around here—these comments on things—and let's put them in a column. Make it a daily trick if you can. Just as you talk. What you should call it? I don't know; call it most anything." Jack began the column and called it "Most Any-

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thing." He was thirty then. It still is "Most Anything"—one of the first columns in the country, now in its thirty-seventh year. All this time he has been writing it, six days a week, never missing a day except for his annual vacation periods or when he took some special assignment.

In 1907 Burr Gongwer, one of Cleveland's political bosses, made a public statement that was pure bull. Jack copied the juiciest part of it for his column: what could he say about it? He asked the staff artist to draw him a bull in silhouette, which he then printed indented in the quotation, without verbal comment. The bull was an immediate hit, and he has been using it ever since with steady effectiveness. During political campaigns he uses it daily; on some days the column is a veritable bull pen. And in the course of decades the bull has entered the service of numerous other columnists, scattered through the country, most of whom have written to Jack for his permission to use it—although the beast, of course, is not copyrighted.

"Most Anything" is not what the readers of the *New Yorker* would call "clever," "brilliant," or "subtle." It is simple, direct, shrewd, somewhat old-fashioned, its humor closer to Artemus Ward and Josh Billings than to Frank Sullivan, Walter Winchell, or Robert Benchley. It is made up mostly of two- to ten-line paragraphs, many of them purely local (Cleveland and Ohio); so that the average transient who happens to pick up the *Press* and casually glances at the column finds much of it meaningless or a little flat. A brief item such as—

> Assistant Safety Director John R. Flynn, says Director Ness, was ill advised when he appointed Frank J. Cadek, Jr., a rookie policeman. But not any more ill advised than the official who appointed John R. Flynn assistant safety director.

has scant significance for a stranger but may be vastly interesting to Clevelanders; while something like this—

> A Democratic candidate for Attorney General of Ohio is going around the state telling voters that Martin Davey has saved the taxpayers $30,000,000 a year. When? In the years he wasn't Governor?

gets chuckles which are not pure mirth all over town, as does this—

> Fifty persons turned out in the Twelfth Ward Thursday night to hear Councilman Herman Finkle. It beats all what a grip that man has on the people.

Or as does Jack's weekly whack at Newton D. Baker, the city's official Leading Citizen (and counsel for the *Press!*) and a voluble champion of public interest in the abstract while he represents the power companies before the United States Supreme Court against the TVA.

Jack's most important items concern politics, the police, the judiciary, the banking fraternity, the big-shots generally who thrive on sham, cover and corruption; many a prominent Clevelander turns first to "Most Anything" ready to laugh at the cuts Jack takes at somebody else, but a bit uneasy lest the little old so-and-so has said something true and devastating about him this time. The bull is feared most; for in the last three decades many a figure has departed from Cleveland's and Ohio's political, business, or religious life, his ears filled with the roar of Jack's animal and the accompanying laughter of tens of thousands of people. And if Jack is something of a wasp, he is also a little like an elephant. He never forgets. Two or three lines now and then are sufficient to keep the memory green. It goes without saying that frequent efforts were made in the early years by powerful groups and individuals to get Jack off the *Press* and out of Cleveland and Ohio.

"Most Anything," a mildly popular column from the start, gradually increased in popularity. Jack went in heavily for homespun wisdom; he invented an old rustic named "Josh Wise" and put his picture at the top of the column alongside such saws as these:

> Th' average man has t' steal his hours uv pleasure either from his work er his sleep.
>
> Th' man th't can afford t' pay his fare is th' one th't has th' least trouble gettin' a pass.
>
> You never hear a woman braggin' th't she's self-made.
>
> A man c'n make a lot o' fatal mistakes an' still live.
>
> "Competition is th' life of trade"—and th' death of men.
>
> Truth is stranger than fiction because we see so little uv it.
>
> Some men are so unlucky th't if they sat down on a haystack they would find a needle.
>
> Precedent is a ball and chain fastened to Justice.

Jack Raper is essentially a small-town fellow, a shrewd superior country jake, his feet close to the grass roots; which largely explains much of his popularity and lastingness. Every Monday for over thirty years now he has been running a feature in his column called "All the News from Hicksville." Using the place names of his boyhood, he faintly burlesques a rural correspondent's notes in a country newspaper. Yet burlesque is not quite the word. He takes shots at the follies, the pretensions, the fake urbanism of small towns. But the tone is kindly, tolerant, and Cleveland, like the rural areas around it, loves the Hicksville news.

With "Most Anything" increasingly successful, Jack came to be in demand as a speaker. In the last fifteen years he has averaged about two hundred addresses a year; he often speaks twice, three times a day. And before all sorts of audiences: women's clubs, labor unions, fraternal societies, teachers' conventions, and gatherings of high-school students—the latter his favorite audiences, from whom he won't take money. He is a born teacher, and young people enjoy him immensely. In the last twenty years or so he has talked to perhaps a hundred thousand of them in small and big groups. Now in their thirties or forties, citizens of Cleveland, they are devoted readers of "Most Anything."

As he walks in the downtown streets of Cleveland, it is "Hello Jack! How are you?" or "Good morning, Mr. Raper!" Sometimes it takes him a half hour to walk two or three blocks. Often someone touches his sleeve and says, "You don't know me, Mr. Raper, but when I was going to Lincoln High you came and spoke to the Discussion Club."

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Jack is something of an actor in the Lew Dockstader tradition, and frequently before groups of high-school students he burlesques some inflated old judge, cheap politician, or business Babbitt speaking to them solemnly, emptily, platitudinously on "Youth, the Hope of the Future." The kids receive it with gales of laughter—and laugh again when the solemn, empty, platitudinous, inflated old judge, cheap politician, or business Babbitt actually comes to address them a month or two later. There is a theory in the *Press* office that the youngsters keep him young at sixty-seven; also, that through contact with them, he—a born and incorrigible idealist—momentarily gets over the disillusionment which became part of his make-up early in life.

In the course of the three and a half decades Jack has acquired a great following that is at once intensely personal and more than personal, and held together by mutual attachment to principles of which he is the high priest. He and his friends and constant readers, whose total may be a quarter of a million, and half of whom, perhaps, are so-called "foreigners" with such names as Ambrozich, Mlakar, Sczymanski, or Hatjas, are the bulwark of democracy and traditional Americanism in the northeastern corner of Ohio. They carry on the tradition of Jack's late friend Tom L. Johnson, and are generally responsible for the fact that Cleveland usually votes overwhelmingly progressive or liberal—even when the liberal or progressive candidate (as was the case with the elder La Follette in 1924) has no chance of winning. Theirs is largely the credit, too, that Cleveland's own government —in spite of (or I should say *because of*) Jack's constant columnar bellyaching—is as good as it is.

The government of Ohio just now is in poor hands, but that is not the fault of Cleveland, or of Jack and his friends. Governor Martin L. Davey, Democrat, was reelected last autumn in the Roosevelt landslide, but independent Cleveland, which went overwhelmingly for Roosevelt, gave a majority to the Republican candidate. That Cleveland went anti-Davey was due, to a great extent, to "Most Anything," in which Jack daily belabored Davey, and to a typical Raper radio speech, delivered shortly before Election Day, which contained a sting that caused Clevelanders to split their sides and votes:

> The people of Ohio first became acquainted with Mr. Davey as a tree doctor. A tree doctor is a doctor who knows all about trees, about planting, trimming, pruning, and [slight pause] grafting.

Jack is something of a perfectionist, and there is but one living politician in Cleveland—in fact, in the whole of Ohio—of whom he enthusiastically approves. This is old Robert Crosser, an extremely able independent-Democratic member of Congress, who for some twenty years has represented the Twenty-First Ohio District, a section of Cleveland inhabited largely by Polish, Slovak, and Lithuanian families. Bob Crosser hates political buncombe, has no campaign fund, no support from the Democratic machine, no machine of his own, no campaign manager, asks no one to vote for him; he makes no promises and no regular campaign speeches, but delivers, instead, an occasional brief talk in some Polish or Slovak hall on liberty, democracy, social justice, progress, and other such essentials of what he calls Americanism, and gives a party for his Hunky supporters in his house, where he—personally a dry but politically a wet—serves coffee and doughnuts! He is Jack's best friend in Cleveland, and Jack supports him in "Most Anything" and takes the stump for him every time he runs. Jack often opposes candidates that the *Press* supports.

The City Club of Cleveland is one of the most important and interesting organizations of its kind in America. It has a membership of some 1,600, and every Saturday after lunch it holds a forum, usually with some well-known speaker, whose talk, as well as the ensuing discussion, is broadcast locally. The club's avowed objective is the free exchange of opinions upon any question. But most of the members are conservative.

Soon after he joined, Jack became a sort of center for liberal and progressive members whose chief interest was in problems of government. One day, just after the war, a club member who was a florist sent flowers to the dining-room, among them a bunch of red roses for the table usually occupied by Jack's group. When the group was seated, someone jokingly exclaimed, "At last your true colors! This is the Soviet Table!" None of them knew then exactly what a Soviet was, but they knew they had been called a bad name, and that pleased them. Like a lot of boys, they stuck it on themselves, and, to this day the group, now numbering several hundred, is known as the Soviet Table. Around the main Soviet Table now are smaller ones, and in the center of the main table are their two insignia—the hammer and sickle and the black bull Jack has made famous. The Soviet Table is the heart of the City Club. It includes now many varieties of socio-political thinkers, an assortment of crackpots, and a few more or less good-humored conservatives and reactionaries, who have "sneaked in," so the theory goes, "to bore from within." The Soviet Table is instrumental in bringing to Cleveland every third or fourth Saturday some liberal, progressive, or radical speaker, who is broadcast all over Cleveland and for about two hundred miles around. It is the watchdog, the conscience of the city; and in 1924 became the brains and soul of a temporary political machine that carried Cleveland for La Follette.

There are people in Cleveland to whom Jack is a "red," a Bolshevik, but he himself feels that the black bull, which is of iron, is a truer emblem of the Soviet Table than the hammer and sickle.

Once a year or so the bull is moved from the Soviet Table to the speaker's table and Jack—graying and geting bald, but more vigorous than most men half his age—delivers a stingingly witty review of the political, social, and economic situation in Cleveland, with glimpses of the rest of Ohio and the United States. He spends weeks preparing himself for this, but his informal delivery, done with a dour face, full of fight, sarcastic cuts, and meaningful pauses, makes it seem an impromptu oration.

In 1935 his address contained a fierce onslaught, interspersed with double-edged phrases and "wisecracks," on

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the politico-economic bosses of the town, especially on two local financiers (lately dead), brothers and bachelors, who, while known for their exemplary personal lives, often employed questionable methods and were mainly to blame for Cleveland's acute bank crisis in 1933. When he came to them, he said:

> You may remember that Pete Witt [another member of the Soviet Table] once presented to the city a certain politician as an unkissed icicle. May I not present to you the two unkissed cherubs? There they sit in the [Terminal] Tower [Building], the wonderful tower reaching up into the clouds—the highest thing in Cleveland, except the pile of defaulted bonds they built; that wonderful tower in whose top there burns a powerful light, its bright rays going far across the boundaries of the city, far out into the country. There in the Tower top it burns, night after night, in memory of the unknown bondholder. And there they sit, the unkissed cherubs, symbols of the sublimity of virginity in masculinity. Pure in their private lives. But it can hardly be said that in their financial relations with the public they practiced continence.

He has built up a volunteer information service that makes him one of the most knowing men in town. Sitting at the big Soviet Table or in his cubby-hole office, he learns of everything that happens—of some things before they happen; and occasionally he prevents the worst of them from happening. Then, as likely as not, he tells no one anything about it for years afterwards, if ever. One day as he was recounting to me the details of the great Cleveland bank crisis of 1933, he hesitantly mentioned something he had done in connection with it. Sensing one of his secrets, I pumped him and learned that when the crisis hit the city he had feared that the State Banking Department would appoint as conservators certain local politicians who were hovering over the scene like vultures, ready to steal as much of the banks' resources as had not yet evaporated. In his fear, he had jumped on a train for Washington and had a talk with Secretary of the Treasury Woodin, who then applied pressure on the Ohio authorities to appoint as conservators two outside banking experts. It was mainly the financial ability of these experts and their disregard of local political and business pressure which enabled the depositors to recover from the wreckage a considerable percentage of their money. Raper told me that his wife and I and two or three other of his friends were the only persons who knew this, and made me promise to keep it to myself. Later, after I had threatened to break my promise if he would not release me from it, he gave me leave to mention the incident in this article.

When I told him I was going to write him up, he looked confused and was reluctant to cooperate. "I know the value of publicity," he said, his face engulfed in a grimace, "but—oh, hell! It's liable to complicate my life."

I can approach the conclusion of this sketch of Jack Raper no better than by telling of his connection with the starting of the American Newspaper Guild. The idea of the Guild originated partly with a young reporter on the Cleveland *Press*, Garland Ashcraft, who was chiefly instrumental also in organizing Chapter No. 1 in Cleveland. I could theorize that Ashcraft's daring idea was not unrelated to the atmosphere of freedom and vital independence that largely prevails in the *Press* office, which must be credited in part to Jack; but I shan't. The most interesting fact is that Jack discouraged the formation of the Guild.

The story goes that in the summer of 1933 a committee of *Press* reporters called on Jack in his cubby-hole, thinking it would be a pushover to get him to sign up as a charter member. But before the committee had half finished its song and dance Jack interrupted, "Nothing doing! Just skip me, boys."

"But, why?" asked the flabbergasted committee.

"I will have nothing to do with organizing newspapermen," he said. "I've lived with 'em all my life, and I know 'em. You fellows are barking up the wrong tree. Boys, they're just not worth wasting time on. Not worth a damn! Yellow as hell! Longshoremen have more brains than newspapermen. They won't stick together on anything but a bottle. Won't fight for anything. Once or twice in my time I've tried to organize them in towns where I've worked. I've got burned every time, and once I lost a job trying. Of course, now, if you boys *can* do something with a bunch of reporters, why, hop to it. I'm getting up in years now, and I'm sittin' pretty. If anything can be made out of this business, it's up to you younger fellows. If you need any money, come around. If you succeed, I'll join—but I predict you won't."

None the less, he joined, has been an active, interested member ever since, and thinks the Guild is a great outfit, with potential power to improve not only the newspaper people's working condition but the Fourth Estate as a whole.

Jack's cynicism is a surface characteristic, a defense mechanism of an active idealist who is being kicked in the face by all manner of evils, at least temporarily stronger than he is. The usual expression on his lean face, which is beginning to resemble an apple that has lasted till February, verges on disgust. He seems to have a perpetual pain in the neck. Way inside him, however, Jack is not a cynic but a hopeful, happy man—as hopeful and happy, perhaps, as any intelligent and informed person can be nowadays: for, as I have tried to suggest, he functions rather marvelously, and—beneath his modesty—he knows it. Jack is no genius; but simply by functioning long, energetically, and consistently in one place, he has had a big hand in making Cleveland culturally superior to most other large American cities.

Jack is a waspish sort of Doremus Jessup who, although he may believe—in his optimistic moments—that it can't happen here, does everything possible to keep it from happening. For decades now he has been promoting, and fighting for, genuine democracy, common sense, skepticism, mental and spiritual avidity, a progressive political mood and urge, and resistance to economic, social, and political evils and abuses which in all too many American towns, big and small, have gone too long unchallenged. He has become as much an institution in Cleveland as the Public Square or the Tom Johnson monument.

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Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

THAT it is—a genuine disaster. Stalin's continuation of his legal murders has not only struck a grave blow at the great Communist experiment which he is supposed to be serving, but it has altered the whole aspect and balance of the European scene, let us hope for the moment only. Well, his defenders will ask, has he not a right to punish traitors? Indubitably. He has the power to exterminate anyone he dislikes or suspects and apparently to induce each one, by force or otherwise, to confess his guilt. But it does not always pay to use the extreme penalty. These executions have been going on in Russia steadily, but they do not seem to have had a deterrent effect. Indeed, judging by public statements and the opinions published in the press, treason is more than ever rife. Plainly something is radically wrong. Either the men who rise to the top in Russian official and industrial life are a set of loathsome perjurers and betrayers of their own countrymen, or the system—as administered by Stalin—is so intolerable that men will stop at nothing to cripple or destroy it.

Take those eight generals who were executed. It is openly said that they had sold out to Germany and it was explained that they were all inherited from the Czar's regime. If the latter was the case why were they trusted and advanced to such high rank? Why were they not always suspected and caught up with before they were in possession of the most important military secrets? There have been military scandals in other countries, notably in France, but somehow it seems impossible to believe that eight French generals would deliberately betray their trust and perhaps jeopardize their country by taking money from Hitler. Eight Benedict Arnolds at once—that would surely be incredible in any other country but Russia. Even granting that they were guilty, it seems as if something less than death would have served, if only from the point of view of world opinion. But Stalin is plainly utterly reckless of that, with the result that his prestige and that of his country have received a really dangerous blow.

When I denounced the previous judicial murders in Moscow some months ago, I was charged with giving aid and comfort to the dictators because I said that Stalin was forfeiting the good will of the liberal forces all over the world who had earnestly wanted to see the Communist experiment fairly tried. What can these critics say now? They must admit that these executions, with the resultant destruction of confidence in the Russian army, have given the greatest aid and comfort to the dictators, notably Hitler. If the generals have been in his pay, of course he knew all along of the rottenness of the army of his chief opponent in Europe. But the fact that the most reliable London correspondents are telegraphing to their papers that England is now ready to make advances to Hitler because of this demonstration that the Russian army is not the strong organization to lean upon that it was thought to be must fill the Berlin dictator with cheer and hope. If he can only tie England up in some other treaties, like that made by the two countries respecting the size of their navies, he will have a free hand in Europe. It seems incredible that England should ally itself with this man, but there has always been an element of powerful, diehard Tories in the Conservative Party which has wished a German alliance. Neville Chamberlain is more likely to yield to them than was his predecessor, Baldwin.

With England in an alliance with Hitler, what would become of the passionate demand of so many of our American liberals that we be ready to go to war on behalf of the democracies? (They included the despotism of Stalin as a democracy.) I have been astounded to find many liberals who are so shocked and unbalanced by the horrors in Spain that they are eager to have the United States fight again to save the remnants of democracy from Hitler and Mussolini. Perhaps if Russia now fades out of the picture, at least to some extent, they may recall that it was the last war on behalf of democracy that made possible the rise of the dictators all over Europe. Even our intervention in another war would not save democracy, but only destroy it here in America. Certainly the laws we now have on the statute books insure to us a fascist dictatorship the minute war begins and the military machine takes charge of the country. But many of these liberals have been so fanatical in their feelings about Russia that I suppose that they will still insist that all is well in the Kremlin and that Stalin is justified in purging his government of endless traitors.

Here the difficulty is that the more officials Stalin puts to death, the more certainly will there be demoralization in the work of his governmental bureaus. Officials who are absolutely honest and loyal cannot but be dismayed and disheartened and are certain to wonder where the lightning will strike next. I may be all wrong, but it seems to me as if the shootings of high officials were bound to produce the very curtailment in production of which Russia is now complaining. We get almost daily reports in the form of quotations from the Moscow press to the effect that this factory or that has fallen behind its quota, that the railroads are still doing very badly, and that there is an increasing mass of unrepaired machinery all over Russia. Can the Russians be held up to their duty by firing squads? Men who are sincerely devoted to the task of building a great new world order ought not to have the threat of death kept before them every moment. Who can work well or cheerfully if it is?

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BROUN'S PAGE

Those Charming People

WHENEVER the newspaper publishers of America arrogate to themselves the right to take an inch they immediately proceed to give some innocent party the most outlandish sort of ell. At the moment the front pages and the editorial pages of very many newspapers in America are devoted to the brave deeds of the publishers in preserving a "free press." This traditional and undeniably vital right was saved by a little group of owners and agents who met in secret conclave in Chicago and at the end of their session gave out a short canned statement as to just what they had done to preserve the integrity of the news.

I believe that the working newspapermen and women of America have an even greater interest in free press and news integrity than any owner, and it worries us to learn that the complete custodianship of this sacred right should have been intrusted solely to such a small and secretive group. And the number of Swiss guards is growing smaller all the time. Every day brings the news that one or two or three more papers have collapsed or combined with their rivals. Whether this curtailment of the avenues of information is due to economic pressure or editorial ineptitude I couldn't say. The truth lies somewhere between the two and constitutes a most unhappy medium. It may be that within the next five or ten years all American newspapers will be owned or controlled by four or five men. They will still be vociferous in their devotion to free press and the integrity of the news (although publishers seldom talk of this latter right), but in any case the question of what is true, and just where freedom lies, will rest with a definite oligarchy of the best minds or the biggest purses.

To a very considerable extent this condition already exists. The flourishing city of Cleveland has but one morning paper—the *Plain Dealer*. It is not a bad paper at all, although definitely on the conservative side, but if the *Plain Dealer* makes up its mind to use its editorial page or its news columns (such things have been known) to favor a particular cause the opponents of the proposition must wait until the afternoon to see what the Cleveland *Press* of the liberal Scripps-Howard chain has to say in rebuttal. And if the liberal Scripps-Howard chain does not rebut, then the inquiring Clevelander is left wholly to the mercies of Dan Hanna's Cleveland *News*.

Memphis, Tennessee, although smaller than Cleveland, is not precisely a river village and it has two newspapers, one in the morning and one in the afternoon. Both belong to Scripps-Howard. Possibly one ought to argue that Memphis is extremely lucky now that both its newspapers belong to a liberal chain, even though it happens to be the same one. I am not the person to argue the point, since as a Scripps-Howard employee I am naturally disposed to feel that my employers are wiser and more righteous than other newspaper owners. I can remember numerous good fights which they have made, but just for the sake of the argument and objectivity, I might admit the dim contingency that on some particular point at some future time they could be wrong. If this be treason, make the least of it. If by the widest stretch of the imagination anybody can imagine the Scripps-Howard chain being wrong, then it will have to be granted that when this legendary day comes, Memphis, Tennessee, will be out of luck. Only one version will be served to it.

After the recent convention of the publishers in Chicago a statement and a set of resolutions were issued which were prominently displayed in practically all the papers of the country. The statement announced that the Newspaper Guild was seeking to force the "closed shop" on American newspaper publishers. This is not accurate, and since the subject has been discussed at such length in so many conferences, it is difficult to believe that the publishers of America reported falsely through some inadvertence. The Guild is seeking the Guild shop, and there is a tangible difference. The linotypers' union (the I. T. U.) is a closed shop. A newspaper cannot hire anybody to work in its composing room unless he belongs to the union. I certainly am not quarreling with this arrangement. The I. T. U. trains men for the difficult craft which it represents. Indeed the union controls and assigns the jobs. Obviously the American Newspaper Guild does not and could not, if it so desired, have within its membership all men and women who potentially might be good reporters or copy readers. Accordingly the Guild is freely admitting that the publisher should have the right to hire whomsoever he pleases with the stipulation that at the end of a given period that person must become a member of the Guild. You may argue that the system is good or bad if you will, but it is not the "closed shop" as that phrase is familiarly applied.

In response to the publishers' statement I made a reply which was much shorter than their blast. It was approximately 200 words in length. A very large number of newspaper owners who had beaten their breasts as evidence of their devotion to a "free press" promptly threw the Guild statement into the waste basket and printed not a line of it. The *Herald Tribune* went to the fantastic lengths of printing an editorial in which it said that "Guild leadership" was working with President Roosevelt to muzzle the press. I think I have a right to claim a share in Guild leadership. I have seen Mr. Roosevelt just once in two years. We talked for two minutes. I said, "Mr. President, you are looking very well." One may not quote the President, but I hope I violate no tradition if I state that in his brief answer he made no suggestion of any kind that the American Newspaper Guild should proceed to muzzle the press. Far from having any such desire, I wish it were possible to unmuzzle the press so that it would construe "free press" to mean an obligation to report the other side of all controversies, even those in which the publishers themselves are parties.

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

HISTORY IN SWING RHYTHM

BY SIDNEY HOOK

CRITICAL philosophers may raise the question whether there is any such subject matter as philosophy of history. They can hardly deny, however, that there is a literature on the subject. When it is good literature, it contains some insights into the ways of man and gives dramatic emphasis to phases of social experience deemed morally significant. Usually the sharp urgency of a contemporary need or problem lends point to the historic construction. A common milieu or unspoken convention between author and reader makes it easy to discover what application is intended and what exhortation to the future is to be construed from the exhumation of the past.

Latter-day philosophies of history—with some notable exceptions—differ from those of Augustine, Vico, and Hegel not so much in fundamental assumptions as in declaration of allegiance to scientific method. I say "declaration of allegiance" to scientific method because almost invariably the detailed treatment proceeds independently of the canons of scientific method, when not in violation of them. In the end little is accomplished: style and insight have been sacrificed to a profitless erudition of doubtful reliability. The conclusions are not supported by valid principles of action and prediction but rest upon the backs of metaphysical white elephants. This is so even when the text is laden with the paraphernalia of statistical inquiry which more often than not serve as so much lattice work for weasel interpretations.

Professor Sorokin's massive work* is not easy to classify. It claims to be nothing if not scientific; but scientific in a sophisticated way. For it attempts to correct the uncritical prejudices of empiricism with a whole set of metaphysical assumptions, borrowed in part from Rickert and Dilthey, about meaning, mind, and the nature of the social sciences. It pits itself against many current doctrines and skilfully juxtaposes their relative strength and weakness to produce the impression that they cancel each other out. It bristles with charts, tables, and bibliographical references on almost every phase of culture. Despite his reliance upon second- and third-hand sources, the author has written a miniature encyclopedia.

And all to establish a very simple thesis. To understand the thesis it is necessary to grasp Sorokin's key distinction between types of culture or mentality. All cultures are either (a) ideational, (b) sensate, or (c) mixed. An ideational culture is one in which the basic realities are supernatural and immaterial. Values are conceived as absolute and eternal; art is predominantly religious and collectivist; its system of truth is based on faith and reason, and whatever science it has is vitalistic and qualitative. Its social organization is one of status and compulsion; its techniques of control, renunciation and dogmatic imposition of authority. Sensate culture has a pattern which is logically opposite. It is earthly and experiential. Its art is secular and individualistic. It finds truth in the deliverances of sensation. In science it is empirical, in ethics utilitarian, and in politics democratic. Its social organization is based on contract. Mixed cultures are all other types of mentality which combine and mediate between the elements of the other two. The most significant expression of a mixed culture is called idealistic, like the culture of Athens in the fifth century B.C. or the culture of medieval Europe in the thirteenth century. Here at the point of transition between an ideational and sensate culture a perfect balance is achieved between spirit and sense.

The conclusion of Sorokin's survey of the history of Graeco-Roman and Western civilization is that there is a recurrent fluctuation from one type of culture to another. "When one of the forms has completed its immanent course and has lived the span of time destined to it, it decays and is replaced, after the proper intermediary stages, by the other form . . . and so it will go until integrated culture or mankind disappears." Since each culture, according to Sorokin, is a logically unified whole, we are justified in expecting that pendular swings will be observed in the historical development of the constituent parts. He marshals evidence to prove that science, philosophy, law, political and economic organization "all change synchronously and in the same direction." With an anxious eye on the critics, these conclusions are hedged in with a number of half-hearted qualifications. There is never a return to the original position in its every detail, the rate of development varies, and the existence of vestigial traits and minor mutations is acknowledged. But the theme song repeated again and again in this million-word tract is: the law of the pendulum is the law of all social and cultural life.

Sorokin's construction is vulnerable at so many points that one is embarrassed to know where to begin. I indicate only the main lines of criticism. First of all, the basic conception of pendularity, as employed by Sorokin, is mystical and possesses no explanatory significance. All it tells us is that culture is now "hot" and now "cold," just as dresses are now short and now long. But why it is one thing now and not another, why it appears here and not there, now and not then—the crucial questions for purposes of scientific prediction and control—are left com-

* *Social and Cultural Dynamics,* By Pitirim Sorokin. American Book Company. $6 per volume. $15 per set.

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pletely unanswered. Indeed, on Sorokin's own assumption that the process has "an immanent self-regulation and self-direction" such questions are meaningless. All he can assert is the tautology that it is the essential nature of culture (art, literature, etc.) to fluctuate from one pole to another. He introduces no principle of material determination, so that the only ground for his grandiose prophecy about the advent of a new period of ideational totalitarianism, even granting him his data, is a simple and risky induction from a few cases. So it has been twice or thrice, so it will be. In science, however, the observation of a genuine periodicity or fluctuation is never taken as a brute datum or ultimate fact. It does little more than mark the beginning of a problem, not, as in the present case, the close of an inquiry.

But are the fluctuations reported by Sorokin genuine? He engages in some fanciful interpretations to get all the data into his net. If one starts out with loose evaluating categories, makes selections from almost unlimited material, and refuses to be bound by a constant time interval for to-and-fro oscillations, any curve can be drawn to fit the facts. More important still, in his anxiety to stress the aspects of recurrence Sorokin reveals his chief weakness—an *unhistorical* approach to cultural phenomena. Take his strongest case. He traces the rise and decline of nudity in art as an index of the presence and intensity of the ideational and sensate modes of mentality. But he begs the question of the significance of nudity in different periods. He presents no evidence that the cluster of meanings associated with nudity are the same in the late Hellenistic, Renaissance, and contemporary cultures. Or he speaks of the recurrence of empiricism and overlooks completely the striking differences between the nature, origin, and cultural impact of the empiricisms represented by Epicurus, Ockham, and Dewey.

The very logic Professor Sorokin employs to investigate the nature of culture mentality is open to serious question. He distinguishes between a "logico-meaningful" and a "causal-functional" approach and sneers at those who restrict themselves to the latter for their lack of philosophic maturity and their inability to understand that by ordinary scientific methods we cannot grasp "the inward nature of phenomenal unity." What he does not see is that from the fact that a culture pattern, or a work of art, or a system of philosophy has a qualitative unity it does not at all follow that the determination which links their parts is strictly logical. Sorokin assumes that given the meaning of a culture, he can deduce what other elements are logically entailed and hides from himself by a verbal play about "essential natures" that he can only succeed in so far as he is dealing with definitions. The consequences of his belief that what holds for his definitions holds for concrete material is faulty description and sometimes downright absurdity. For example, it is alleged that ideational mentality or culture is marked by idealism, spiritualism, quietism, religiosity, mysticism, indeterminism, and qualitativism. It is easy to show that these characters do not logically imply each other; nor are they always historically involved with each other. The same thing is true for his array of sensate characters. Sorokin believes he can deduce characteristic musical differences from his conception of ideational and sensate cultures and hazards the guess that significant differences exist even in the interoceptive sense organs of those who fall within these types. It is truly amazing what complex intrinsic meanings Sorokin can read out of musical tones. One cannot but admire the keen ear which is able to recognize that Beethoven's "Missa Solemnis" is "pantheistic rather than Christian, mystical rather than religious"—a judgment he quotes with approval to substantiate his claim that during the last four hundred years music has been sensate, whatever that may mean.

To be captious about special points where the author's learning is at fault would be unfair in a work of such immense proportions. On the whole the materials assembled, especially in the third volume, are useful in their own right. But except for those readers who still do not know that progress is a value term, it is a book altogether without wisdom. Spengler and Pareto, both unscientific in different ways, have nevertheless a sensitivity and insight which make their vast mythologies instructive. In Sorokin, however, even the homely truths of common experience taste flat in the quantitative sauce with which they are served. He makes up in intensity of feeling and disdain of other investigators, particularly those with sensate mentalities, what he lacks in incisiveness and vision. On almost every page this ardent protagonist of superobjectivity in the social sciences betrays a strong animus against empiricism, democracy, and temporalism. His very descriptions of the two basic cultural types are loaded with adjectives which express visceral reactions rather than scientific judgments. Only a bias so deep as to be beyond any intellectual discipline can account for the following. An extended survey is presented of the alternation between idealism and materialism, as *technical* philosophical doctrines, which indicates that despite the major radical shift from ideational to sensate mentality in Western-European culture, philosophy has remained predominantly idealistic. This is a vital difficulty for Sorokin's thesis even on its own uncritical terms. He disposes of it with the cool remark that "a certain predominance of idealism over materialism is necessary for the continued existence of human culture and society." Sorokin cannot here be referring to idealism and materialism as philosophies of life, for this would invalidate his whole thesis, since it would then follow that a sensate culture never existed.

Sorokin regards himself as a Neo-Thomist, but except for the general direction of his bias he is a weak representative of Neo-Thomism. He takes a grim satisfaction in his prophecy that the world is on the threshold of a new totalitarian culture. For all his idealism, he assigns little influence to human ideals in history and completely ignores the extent to which men, under certain conditions, can redetermine the direction of history. In his view historical action falls out of the realm of responsibility into that of fatality. Although he uses the language of science, and in certain critical asides also its method, the larger conclusions he sets out to establish are grounded in a metaphysical faith.

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BOOKS

Gauguin: A Family Portrait

MY FATHER, PAUL GAUGUIN. By Pola Gauguin. Alfred Knopf. $3.75.

THE most recent biography of Gauguin is deceptive in its title, for the author met his father but once, and then at the age of seven. His own experience as a painter, which permits him, he says, an insight into aspects of his father's life closed to laymen, hardly enters into the story. At least he adds little to the ten or more older biographies and omits much that is to be found in the writings of Gauguin himself. What is distinctive in this work, apart from the subdued and sober tone of narrative rare in biographies of modern artists, is the importance given to Gauguin's wife—the author's mother—the Danish woman abandoned by the artist in search of freedom and a cheap life. She is the inverted counterpart of the Scandinavian figures of Ibsen who are victims of their men's bourgeois success. Gauguin wrote her that all their sufferings were only the means to his public triumph as an artist, that one day he would return to his family and repay them with his wealth and glory. But if in some pages the story of Gauguin acquires a broader focus as the story of a family, this perspective is not maintained. With all his interest in family history, the author cannot escape the common practice of focusing so sharply on a single person that the field from which he emerges becomes blurred. The isolated man in turn appears incomplete and exists in a shapeless world which could hardly have provoked the responses of his well-defined being or engaged him in a productive career. In presenting his life, the biographer oscillates between the compulsion of surroundings and events and a fatality lodged in the hero's character, without effecting a view in which their connection becomes evident. He sees in his father's independence an inherited primitive nature (the famous fraction of Peruvian blood), but he speaks also, with a characteristic negative, of the "egoism that results from an absence of the conditions that might make one generous." In this independence and egoism Gauguin was not alone. The most violent affirmations and complaints of the artist, even when directed against bourgeois society, could be shared by the aggressive business men of his time: "I am strong because I have never allowed myself to be deflected by others, and all I do comes from within myself"; and he also cried out again and again in his letters: "What kills me is this damned struggle for money."

It is remarkable how little thought is given here to Gauguin's paintings as events in his life and as data of his changing mind, and to the latter as sources of his art. The illustrations in the book, especially rich in the little-known early works of Gauguin, are often better documents than the avowals of the artist himself. How could we grasp more plainly the change in Gauguin than by comparing the pictures he made while still with his family and the pictures of Brittany painted just after he had left them? In the first—to consider only the subjects—intimate, domestic scenes (even the nude woman is sewing), from the viewpoint of one who still belonged with the women, the children, and the middle-class surroundings in the paintings, though already in conflict with them; in the others, exotic, brutish peasants of a world which could hardly produce or enjoy such "primitive" pictures. And in painting *"Bon Jour, Monsieur Gauguin"* after a personal theme of the realist Courbet (*"Bon Jour, Monsieur Courbet"*), whom he valued as the prototype of the independent, sovereign artist, Gauguin shows himself as a lonely, shrouded figure returning in the twilight, greeted by an anonymous peasant woman at the gate, unlike the cultured patrons bowing before the great Courbet whom they have come out to meet in the open fields on his arrival in their town. The situation of homage in the latter—a unique and dramatic event—has become in Gauguin's painting an uneventful, recurrent moment of perfunctory sociability, suffused with the pathos of homelessness, twilight, and estrangement in a dream of grandiose recognitions.

MEYER SCHAPIRO

Fascism: Analysis and Apology

THE SPIRIT AND STRUCTURE OF GERMAN FASCISM. By Robert A. Brady. With foreword by Harold J. Laski. The Viking Press. $3.

THE FASCIST: HIS STATE AND HIS MIND. By E. B. Ashton. William Morrow and Company. $2.50.

THESE two books, while covering essentially the same ground, differ widely in concept and in their treatment of the subject. Dr. Brady reviews German Fascism from all angles. He gives a description of its organizational structure in greater detail than it has ever been given in the English or any other language. He shows the inner connections between the various Nazi departments, lays bare their functioning, and exposes a structure most cunningly devised and put together for the aims in whose behalf the National Socialist Party was organized. His work goes infinitely further, however. It is the clearest analysis of the motive power of German Fascism and of the engineers who tend this political machine I have ever seen anywhere—a book both beautifully written and painstakingly organized, which no serious student of Fascism can afford to overlook.

On the other hand, I saw red when I read Dr. E. B. Ashton's "The Fascist: His State and His Mind." It is also a thoughtful piece of writing, lucid and easily understandable. He presents plenty of material to back up his theoretical position. But the approach is an entirely different one. His contention is that "if we, as non-Fascists, want to assert and justify effectively our stand, we shall first have to realize Fascism, not from our point of view, but from its own. That is to say, we have to find out what Fascism means to Fascists—not to any imaginary 'objective' observer. And to do that we must learn to discard our superiority, pocket our convictions for the time, and accept, if only for the sake of argument, Fascist pronouncements at their face value. . . ."

This tone of super-fairness and ultra-objectivity is found in every line of Dr. Ashton's book. At first I felt that this leaning over backward might be attributed to a desire to spare the finer feelings of these sensitive Fascists. "It is unfortunate that we have to admit," "much as it may disgust us, we must confess," "it is regrettable to say"—such sentences abound, always prefacing some justification of Nazi statements and theories. But I shortly realized that Dr. Ashton was ready to make a good many pro-Fascist statements on his own responsibility, statements entirely out of accord with the simple facts. A few choice morsels of this kind might be put on exhibition.

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". . . According to the bulk of available non-Fascist information [note that consistent "non." No "anti" here. L. L.] there can be little doubt that in Germany as well as in Italy the coordination under the present regime is overwhelmingly voluntary and that the system is quite in keeping with the people's own ideas and expectations [page 39]. . . . In other words, that in the Fascist countries of today there is virtually no opposition irrespective of what their governments do to suppress it [page 41]. . . . Still the Fascist parties' bellicose potentialities cannot alter the fact that their basic functions are truly peaceful [page 49]. . . . Fascist red-baiting is not motivated by social antagonism but by the strictly political necessity of preventing the people from turning to something for which Fascism itself has set the emotional stage [page 102]. . . . Actually Fascism—this will sound like heresy but is really the key to the whole problem—does not restrict the freedom of the individual at all. What it not only restricts but exterminates is his individuality [page 119]. . . . Anti-Fascists would do well to realize that all signs point to a future in which, from the point of view of outraged humanity, German Nazis will provide much less material for atrocity stories than, for example, democratic Americans—the inventors of lynching and of the third degree [page 171]."

These and numerous other statements of the same kind stamp Dr. Ashton as directly sympathetic to some of the basic ideas in the Nazi handbook. It is dishonesty of the worst kind to pretend to oppose Fascism with these reservations. His insistence that he opposes Fascism from a democratic viewpoint is simply not to be taken seriously. He must have read enough to know that terrorism in Germany has not ended, nor is it on the wane. He knows that last year more than 3,300 years in prison terms and fourteen death sentences were meted out to the political enemies of the National Socialist regime. The opposition to Hitler and Mussolini is growing and not abating. How can he dispute the evident fact that there is no freedom in either Italy or Germany for individuals or for groups; that Fascist red-baiting comes from capitalist fear of working-class action? It is a downright untruth when he speaks of "Fascist unanimity in Italy." It would have been far more honorable to come out for Fascism directly with flags flying.

What is Fascism? It is interesting to compare the definitions given by our two authors. Dr. Brady defines it as "monopoly capitalism become conscious of its power, the conditions of its survival, and mobilized to crush all opposition. It is capitalism mobilized to crush trade unions, to wipe out radical and liberal criticism, to promote, with the sum total of its internal resources, economic advantage at home and abroad." To the contrary opines Dr. Ashton: "It was desirable (in Italy after the march on Rome) that economically everything should go on as before. An actively Socialist program was, therefore, out of the question. The two considerations were put together—and the new *capitalist collectivism* was born. Fascism is nothing else. From these two premises evolved, step by step, the whole Fascist ideology. . . ."

What about the rights of labor under Fascism? Dr. Ashton, an enthusiastic pessimist when he examines the future of democracy, becomes ardently optimistic over the prospects of the worker's future under the benevolent rule of Hitler and Mussolini: ". . . Summed up, this blueprint of a Fascist economic structure might read as follows: organization of the national economy into independent bodies along trade or industrial lines; within these bodies equal rights to employer and employee in determining wages and working conditions, with any sort of struggle strictly forbidden and the state installed in every organization as superior authority. . . . As in every other field the 'leadership principle' in economics represents not a superiority of the leader over his followers, but a division of functions between essentially equal parts with mutual obligations to be discharged in the interests of the collective body."

The economic leader is the plant owner, the proprietor of a big department store or other enterprise. Does Dr. Ashton seriously want us to believe that owners and workers in Germany and Italy have equal rights in the determination of wages, labor conditions? Has he read Dr. Salvemini's "Under the Axe of Fascism," to name only one source, with its compilation of evidence to the contrary? Dr. Brady does not mince words on this point. ". . . The leader has absolute authority in the conduct of all affairs in his enterprise, so far as these do not contravene law. In effect it is an employer-designated committee of specially trusted workmen whose duty it is to explain and interpret to the workers the will of the leader and to convey to the leader, for his consideration, complaints made by the followers. . . ." These are things as they really are in Germany and Italy today.

Thus our two authors clash on every point from cover to cover. But even the most definite pro-Fascist will have to admit that Dr. Brady quotes Nazi laws and the highest Nazi authorities for every assertion. He does not—like Dr. Ashton—philosophize and theorize on the basis of pure abstractions but bases his opinions on recorded facts. It is interesting, in conclusion, that both books agree that Fascism has a chance to win in America and that democracy will be lost if its friends do not fight for its preservation. "When we ask today if democracy can survive," writes Dr. Ashton, "we are afraid that this cost may prove too high for those of us who would have to pay it. We are tempted to infer that they consciously want to sacrifice democracy. The truth is probably only that they cannot see yet how a system that is based on the interest of the individual can at the same time require the individual to restrict himself in the pursuit of this interest. . . ."

Contrast this defeatist outlook with the militant conclusion of Dr. Brady:

"Against an opponent who believes singly and solely in force and guile, force must be massed. The hope of the people of the United States is to be found, not in giving free rein to monopoly-oriented and Fascist-inclined capitalism, but in turning back to its fields, factories, and workshops, to those who fought its wars of freedom against a tyrannical power and who built, with their brain and muscle, all the real wealth and all there is in America which deserves the name of culture."

LUDWIG LORE

The Professors' Novelist

ANATOLE FRANCE, 1844-1896. By Edwin Preston Dargan. Oxford University Press. $5.

WHEN Anatole France found out that his secretary was taking notes on his intimate conversation, he was not perturbed. The kind of disclosures that Jean-Jacques Brousson could make—he prophesied—would first be treated as indiscretion, but gradually they would come to be looked upon as erudition. With this volume of more than seven hundred pages, published by the American branch of the world's greatest university press, sponsored by two learned societies, embodying the results of ten years' research on the part of a professor in the University of Chicago, we seem to have reached that consummation.

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Anatole France wore his laurel with a difference. Now that thirteen years have heaped a literature upon his grave, his immortality is more precarious than ever. The note of eulogy has been continually jangled by polemic and scandal. Even before his death critics and younger writers were beginning to tire of *bouquiniste* scholarship and originality that always took the form of *pastiche,* of anticlerical hagiography and skepticism that prompted a panegyric on de Lesseps. Irony and pity, when due to a lack of critical principle and an emotional instability, are reducible to dilettantism and sentimentality. What once passed for paganism looks today like a discreet blend of pedantry and pornography. A. W. Schlegel expressed the change when he called *Les voyages du jeune Anacharsis* the adventures, not of a young Scythian, but of an old Parisian.

The fact that so many works on Anatole France already exist is precisely the warrant for Professor Dargan's study. He has a remarkably full collection of *fiches* on the subject, and he has put them all at the service of his readers. They comprise a book that contains no new revelations and adapts itself to no thesis, but furnishes a reliable digest of biographical knowledge and critical interpretation. We must regret that the plan was too comprehensive to comprehend the latter part of Anatole France's career. Breaking off where it does, the narrative places a somewhat grandiose stress upon the accession to the Académie. Yet its tendency to prefer personal motives to public issues covers the earlier period more satisfactorily than it could handle the Dreyfus Case, the South American tour, the war-time activities, or the apathy that greeted Anatole France's decease.

Composite photographs, though they may be slightly blurred, have the merit of being typical. Professor Dargan's *sic et non* faithfully mediates between the vicissitudes of opinion. When the most valuable portion of his documentation—an account of Anatole France's uncollected journalism—is added to the details of literary politics and the weight of criticism, he has presented us with the materials for a strictly measured estimate. It would help us further to understand so derivative a writer, if there were a more technical discussion of the stylistic and topical cross-currents which influenced his work—for example, the kind of orientation given to *Thaïs* by Mario Praz's recent study of the decadent movement. But that is merely to suggest that the present volume would be richer if it were based more on what Anatole France had read, and less on what has been written about him.

Anatole France is still a more accessible author than Zozimus the Panopolitan, and scarcely requires so scholastic an approach. Professor Dargan justifies his method by diffidence, but that seems a curious reason for producing such a big book. Even his most off-hand *obiter dicta* are likely to be unmarked quotations; the comparison of the relations between Madame Aubernon and Madame Caillavet to those between Madame du Deffand and Mlle. de Lespinasse is apparently borrowed from Ernest Seillière. It does not reinforce the authority for a simple biographical fact to cite American reviews of English translations of French works. And the assertion that Anatole France was in the habit of portraying elderly savants does not need to be put forward as a theory that originated in the minds of Gustave Larroumet and Maurice Barrès. We have only to recall Sylvestre Bonnard, Jérôme Coignard, and Lucien Bergeret, and to wonder what they would have said about humanistic studies in America.

HARRY LEVIN

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FILMS

Harpo & Co.

OF the Marx Brothers it is Harpo this time that shines. Last year in "A Night at the Opera" it was Groucho, though of course Harpo's final swing on the scenery ropes was the seal of that picture's success. And Groucho is far from negligible now; as horse doctor, as medical examiner, as bookbuyer, and as the entertainer of a blonde whose affected "Thank Yow" he returns in such full measure, he is still to be felt somehow as the brains of "A Day at the Races" (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer). Brains are always evident in anything these brothers do, no matter how silly it seems, and one always instinctively supposes that the creative burden has been borne by the deep-voiced humbug with the cigar and the mustache. In other words it is impossible to imagine "A Day at the Races" without Dr. Groucho in it and behind it. One would even miss Chico, who ordinarily is to either of his brothers as one is to ten. But it is Harpo that one will remember longest, because in this film he has managed as never before to braid a kind of beauty into his lunacy, and indeed to bestow upon the whole preposterous business a sheen of perfection. The film is as funny as any of its predecessors, and in addition it is more charming, more lovable. It places the Marx Brothers clearly among the few fine comedians of our day.

It is not at all easy to say what new thing Harpo contributes in the present case. The firm of Marx could get along very nicely without Harpo's harp and Chico's piano, just as it could dispense with amorous tenors and the other baggage it seems to think it must carry forever. The advance is perhaps in degree rather than in kind; Harpo is more of something. He is more the innocent, the natural. For no good dramatic or narrative reason, it must be confessed, a door is opened in the racing stable where the tenor's horse is kept and we learn that a village of Negroes exists outside—exists so that Harpo can play on it, and play an infinitely subtler tune than he has ever played on his golden Jumbo. He has in his hands a little pipe of some sort, which now he raises to his mouth and blows as he dances out among a few black children who themselves have been dancing in the stable grounds. They change their tune and their step to his; he moves on to other groups who do likewise; and in a few minutes he is leading them all, young and old, in wonderful figures across the film. His pipe is a slight thing and produces scratchy sounds, and nobody needs to be told that he himself is a loon in rags who prances somewhat clumsily among the accomplished dancers he has fascinated. But those facts are irrelevant; or rather they are relevant to the prime fact that the music of Harpo here is in his spirit, not in his hands or any tube of tin. He is the soul of innocence in masquerade, the genius of joy in a coat whose sleeves are too long for him and under a wig whose curls look ridiculously like excelsior. He is a child who comes at last upon the world of children he has always been looking for. He will not have it long. Soon he must be back in the plot, providing a foil for Groucho's ancient cynicism and trying his best to make people understand him.

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Letters to the Editors

Two Denials

Dear Sirs: Mr. Lore in his imaginative record of my activities (*The Nation,* June 5) airily refers to "friendly assistance" given to me by "organized Nazi literature centers in nineteen American cities." I have no knowledge of such centers. I receive no assistance from them. I admire Hitler's achievement in crushing the peace treaty of Versailles. I do not, and never have, accepted the philosophy of National Socialism. I prefer horse-and-buggy democracy to fascism or communism.

Mr. Lore insinuates that I am spreading Nazi propaganda under various pseudonyms. That is an unqualified falsehood. I have written under various names, including "George F. Corners" and "Donald Furthman Wicketts," but never on any subject connected with National Socialism.

Mr. Lore's allegation that all the articles which have appeared under the name of "Dr. Claudius Murchison" and "William R. Sticher," coupled with the suggestion that they are masks behind which Nazi propaganda lurks, is patently absurd. I am not familiar with Dr. Murchison's literary activities. And who is "Mr. William R. Sticher"? If I have written all the articles appearing under the names of these two gentlemen in the last two years, they must have secured their copy by telepathy from my unconscious!

GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK

June 26, 1937

Dear Sirs: Ludwig Lore in a recent article mentioned my name, stating that I am one of the highest Nazi officials in America. To keep the record straight, permit me to say that I am an American citizen, have never belonged to any Nazi organization, have never had any contact with German government officials, and have not been in Germany since 1930. I am very much interested in German-American history and am carrying on extensive research in that direction. My findings I publish wherever there is interest, and I lecture before bodies interested in German-American history, no matter how they are labeled.

If the Cleveland historical meeting was inspired by Dr. Goebbels it most certainly is news to me, and judging by the presence of many American government representatives, including a Congressman from Washington, Dr. Goebbels must have many friends in America whom Mr. Lore did not mention in his article. The lecture I delivered in Cleveland was about Ephrata Cloister and dealt exclusively with this German cooperative experiment of the eighteenth century in the wilds of Pennsylvania. At no time did I hear any derogatory remarks about Jews during the entire meeting.

I am a firm believer in American ways of doing things and in all that our Constitution stands for, no matter what Mr. Lore says, and I have no mental reservations either.

KARL T. MARX

New York, June 25

Spartakus in Danzig

Dear Sirs: Stalin says Trotsky is Hitler's agent. Some liberals not only "do not know"; they say they "cannot know." Hitler seems to be clearer. In a series of articles beginning December 9, 1936, and continuing into January, 1937, the Danzig *Vorposten,* official Nazi organ, announced the arrest of 60 members of an underground organization, Spartakusbund, named after the league founded in 1918 by Liebknecht, Luxemburg, Jogiches, Ruehle, and others. The organization published Marxist works and imported anti-Nazi émigré publications. Materials seized condemned the Nazi attitude toward Bolshevism; favorably contrasted the U.S.S.R. with Germany; called for a waterfront strike against Nazi arms shipments to Franco; "agitated furiously against Nazi leaders and governments." According to *Vorposten,* American and English money was found in one Spartakus leader's room; these presumably came from abroad and were to be used "for sapping operations in Danzig."

And who were these Spartakus people? *Vorposten* gives the answer in the words of the Nazi police and prosecutor: The league "was created by followers of Trotsky to assemble all opposition supporters, especially followers of the dissolved Marxist parties." "The spiritual leader and organizer was the Jew, Dr. Franz Jakubowski," who became a Trotskyite in 1935, having previously been a Stalinist. The leaflets called for a new Communist Party, a Fourth International, and demanded "Hands Off Trotsky!"

Vorposten charges that Spartakus corresponded with Trotsky, "probably via the Polish mail." Worse: "a leading personality of the underground organization even visited Trotsky in Norway in the summer of this year, and brought back directives for the underground sapping work." The man is named: "the Marxist, Siegfried Kissien." It is a fact that Kissien, now an émigré from Danzig, visited Trotsky in July, 1936. He registered at a Hoenefoss hotel in accordance with police rules. The Norwegian Nazi press denounced his visit. Like all flesh-and-blood visitors, Kissien could not get to Trotsky without wide public knowledge of the fact.

In short, the Spartakus people sought "to make their organization a reservoir for all enemies of the state." Ten defendants, including Jakubowski — all really Trotskyites guilty of fighting Hitlerism—were thrown into Schiesstange Prison, tried by a Nazi court, and given thirteen years in a Nazi prison. *Vorposten* complained because Spartakus had "compared the Moscow show trial with the Reichstag fire trial." *Pravda's* comment on the Danzig trial should be rich—if any.

HERBERT SOLOW

New York, June 1

Radio and the Steel Strike

Dear Sirs: Last Friday evening, June 18, I sat down in front of my radio to get the latest developments in the steel strike. From 6:45 to 11:30 I heard seven nation-wide and local broadcasts devoted exclusively or partly to a discussion of the strike. Not one of the speakers had a good word to say for the C. I. O. and John L. Lewis or a word of criticism of the steel barons. That was no less true of the high-priced and presumably "impartial" news commentators than it was of the self-styled "rabble rouser," the Reverend Gerald L. K. Smith. My Friday's experience was fairly typical of other evenings at the radio.

Without attempting to pass judgment on the merits of the claims and counterclaims of the two contending parties, I question whether such one-sided propa-

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ganda is fair to the thousands of C. I. O. members, to the millions of still unorganized workers who, sooner or later, will have to take a definite stand on C. I. O. affiliation, and finally to the broad masses of American citizens whose aggregate opinion must ultimately play a part in the settlement of the controversy.

HARRY J. BREVIS

Buffalo, N. Y., June 20

Time in England

Dear Sirs: As a free-lance journalist who has for several years made very good use of *Time* in preparing various articles, mainly for provincial readers, I would like to thank Dwight Macdonald for the brilliant and exhaustive analysis he has made of the control and policy of Mr. Luce's papers. Would it be possible to put out these articles in pamphlet form? I believe 200 to 300 copies might be sold over here alone. A good proportion of *Time's* sales here are to journalists, and it thus has more influence than its circulation figures suggest. I shall continue to buy *Time* but Mr. Macdonald has effectively confirmed what has become more and more apparent—viz: that objectivity is just a word.

GLYN ROBERTS

London, England, June 12

Correction

Dear Sirs: In his article on the Elk City Community Hospital, in *The Nation* of May 29, James Rorty said that the laboratory fee was $2. This was an error. Laboratory work is free to all our members who pay their dues. Also the charge for X-ray pictures is not $3 for each but $3 for the first and $2 for each additional picture.

M. SHADID, M.D.

Elk City, Okla., June 11

CONTRIBUTORS

ROBERT S. ALLEN is coauthor with Drew Pearson of the syndicated newspaper column Washington Merry-Go-Round.

ALLEN GROBIN, who has just returned to New York from a week in Johnstown, was formerly chief of labor-relations information in the Resettlement Administration.

ELIOT JANEWAY writes the monthly "Trade Currents" on the Far East in *Asia.*

LOUIS ADAMIC is the author of "Dynamite," a study of class violence in America, "The Native's Return," and other books.

SIDNEY HOOK is chairman of the Department of Philosophy at Washington Square College of New York University. He is the author of "Toward an Understanding of Karl Marx" and "From Hegel to Marx."

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LUDWIG LORE contributes frequently to *The Nation.* His most recent article, What Are American Nazis Doing? appeared in the issue of June 5.

INFORMATION FOR SUBSCRIBERS

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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933.

Of *The Nation,* published weekly, at New York, N. Y., for July 2, 1937.

STATE OF NEW YORK } ss.:
COUNTY OF NEW YORK }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Hugo Van Arx, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of *The Nation,* and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in Section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

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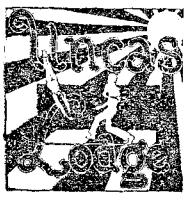

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